

2005 SPECIAL EDITION

Dateline

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OF THE
OVERSEAS
PRESS
CLUB
AWARDS



africa

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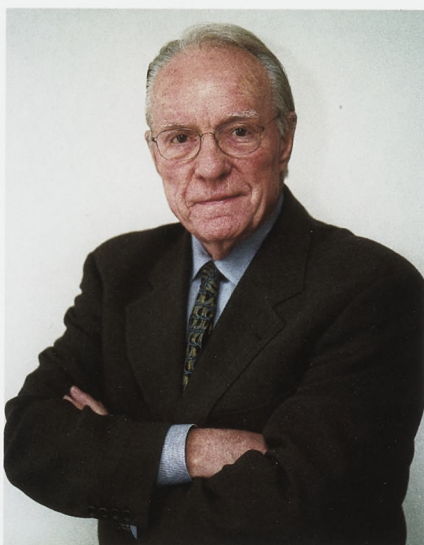
LETTER FROM THE president

IN JOURNALISM, 2004 WAS NOT A year for sunshine patriots or summer soldiers. To paraphrase Tom Paine, they were times that tried our editorial souls.

Casualties among journalists in Iraq soared calamitously, and earlier this year a CNN executive resigned after a furor over his suggestion that some of them may have died because of careless or deliberate aim by American troops.

Elsewhere in the world, reporters and editors were assassinated, jailed, sued and otherwise harassed by cruel governments furious over any truths that discomfited them. The Overseas Press Club's enduring campaign against such crimes is an important, noble and sometimes successful protest, but it also reflects the pervasive spread of the war against the press.

And here in the land of the First Amendment, we have not been spared. The battle against us, in fact, has taken an alarming new turn. One journalist was sentenced to house arrest and two others have been threatened with prison for refusing to reveal the names of sources they had promised confidentiality. Accepting information critical to exposing misbehavior among politicians or corporate executives in return for privacy is a keystone of effective journalism, and it is deplorable that the federal government does not recognize this.



Tonight's Overseas Press Club Awards could not be better timed. We need to be reminded, perhaps as never before, of the continued bravery, persistence and creativity that these 21 awards represent.

The same is true of the recipient of the OPC President's Award. He is Bob Woodward, one of the true heroes of contemporary American journalism. He and his partner, Carl Bernstein, defined forever the dimensions of investigative reporting with their stories for The Washington Post on the Watergate scandal.

Since then, Bob has continued to work for the Post and to produce one best seller after another on federal institutions—the Supreme Court, CIA, Pentagon, White House, etc. His last two books on how the United States planned and carried out the war against Iraq contributed immeasurably to this country's understanding of its new pro-active foreign policy. The Overseas Press Club could not have found a more valuable proponent of its campaign to educate America on the need for more understanding of the world than our recipient of the President's Award tonight.

I congratulate Bob Woodward and all of our winners, and I thank you all for attending this celebration of excellence and courage.

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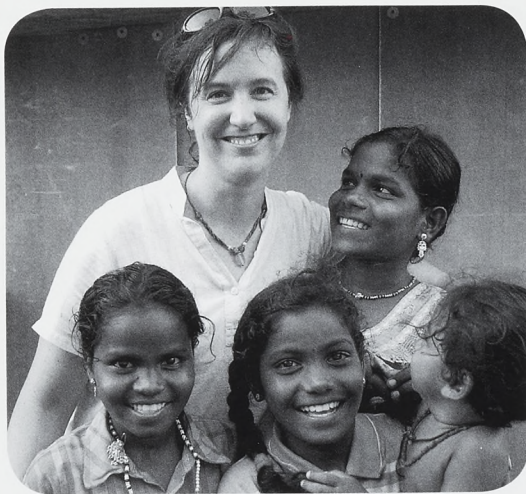
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FALLOUT:
CUBAN TROOPS
EXIT ANGOLA IN
JANUARY 1989

LOTS OF CHANGE, BUT VERY LITTLE progress

BY TOM MASLAND
Newsweek

THE CUBANS MADE A GOOD SHOW of leaving Luanda, Angola, in January 1989. They staged a big military parade, generals orated for hours and Angolan children marched under a blazing sun carrying Fidel Castro's portrait. As Africa correspondent for the Chicago Tribune, I watched all this and then filed a short color piece. My main objective was to get to the southern war zone, and the celebration was my hook for getting a visa to cover this Soviet client in Africa.

Like my colleagues, I missed the larger significance of Cuba's withdrawal from

An old Africa hand looks back on the story everyone missed, and how it fed today's tragedies.

Angola—that fundamental change was coming to the continent. That day, it turned out, was a turning point for modern African history. The Cuban withdrawal was part of a U.S.-brokered settlement that paved the way for South Africa's epochal political transformation. South Africa finally cried uncle in Angola be-

cause a new generation of Soviet fighters had outclassed South Africa's Air Force, hobbled by an international arms embargo. And after the Berlin wall fell later that year, South Africa could no longer play the Red card it had used so effectively with conservative governments in Britain and the United States because Moscow backed the liberation-minded African National Congress (ANC). So first Pretoria agreed to a U.N.-sponsored peace deal in Namibia. Soon thereafter, apartheid was history. The game was up.

All that made for a glorious day in early 1990 when Nelson Mandela walked free. Mandela quickly made it clear that, despite its leftist roots, the ANC would shuck off the Soviet-inspired economic

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FREE AT LAST:
MANDELA, WITH
WINNIE, IS RELEASED
FROM PRISON IN 1990

model that had ruined many African countries during the first wave of independence in the 1960s and 1970s. His party's pledge not to nationalize businesses stopped many whites from fleeing, kept the economy humming—and heralded a turn toward market economics by other countries in the region.

Still, the aftermath of the cold war has not been kind to Africa. The continent is poorer today than it was 20 years ago. For anyone who cares about Africa, the annual U.N. Human Development Report makes dismal reading; in nearly every category, from infant mortality to per capita income, the graphs are heading south. Africans were quick to accede to a new global consensus on economics, but Western governments have practiced a double standard by asking African countries to lower their tariffs while they maintain the agricultural subsidies that limit Africa's exports. Then there are purely random factors. The last thing Africa needed at the millennium was the worst epidemic in recorded history: AIDS.

Big-power bumbling has compounded the ongoing crisis. President Bill Clinton may have cared more about Africa than most other presidents, but his Africa policy was a disaster from start to finish. The

start was the U.S. humiliation in Somalia. That inspired the decision not to help head off the Rwanda genocide—a lapse Clinton himself has called the worst blemish on his record.


All that was merely a warm-up for the disaster in the former Zaire. The fabulously corrupt Mobutu Sese Seko, installed by the CIA in 1965, fell out of favor with Washington when the cold war ended. Clinton's national-security adviser Anthony Lake saw a group of younger leaders in countries to the north and east as a bright new hope for the continent. They cobbled together a rebel movement under the leadership of a former smuggler and tavern owner named Laurent Kabila and in-

vaded Zaire. Washington and London ran diplomatic interference and more. The full story has never been told. Before long, every neighboring state was carving off its own piece of the newly renamed Democratic Republic of the Congo. As a result, eastern Congo today may be the most wretched place on earth; more than 3 million people are said to have died there from war-related causes, mainly disease.

Amid the general decline, it's easy to overlook the continent's successes. Ghana, Senegal, Kenya and Mozambique all seem on the march to long-term peace and stability. The digital revolution has given millions of Africans access to information and modern communications. Although South African President Thabo Mbeki has failed in his duty to confront the AIDS crisis, his economic stewardship has set a positive standard. Africa, for the first time, is fighting effectively to protect its economic interests. And world leaders seem to want to take a hard look at how to correct the distortions caused by globalization. The first decade of the new millennium could still see Africa turn a corner. That day can't come soon enough.

**CLINTON MEANT
WELL, BUT HIS
AFRICA POLICY WAS
A disaster
FROM THE START.**

Masland is NEWSWEEK's *Africa* regional editor, based in Cape Town.



It's time we all ran with the story.

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A story, NOT

Africa coverage still suffers from prejudice and ignorance. The hope: the reporters who seek the beat.

BY MARCUS MABRY
Newsweek

THE STORIES THAT FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS tell each other—and often no one else—reveal the particular frustrations or joys of the assignments they share. Correspondents based in Beijing or Moscow, for instance, tell tales of torturous and absurd government bureaucracies. Reporters who covered the Bosnian war in Sarajevo still recount terrifying incidents involving sniper fire. And, let's be honest, reporters based in Western Europe share stories about their most luxurious hidden weekend getaways. For those of us in the Africa press corps, whether we're based in Abidjan, Nairobi or Johannesburg, the stories we most despondently share often revolve around our bosses' ignorance about the region we cover.

One editor said to a correspondent about to take up a new assignment in Africa: "You'll love

it. No one will bother you much from here. Just every now and then give us a little *ooga-booga*."

Another editor, getting wind of massacres at the hands of a Serb mercenary operating in what was then Zaire during the waning days of Mobutu Sese Seko's rule, asked his reporter: "See if you can [write a story that gets] into this question of why otherwise civilized white people get to Africa and just go berserk. The heart-of-darkness thing."

Yet another editor, after his correspondent informed him that the next flight from Johannesburg to Bujumbura, where the president of Burundi had just been toppled, was the day after tomorrow, asked: "Well, could you drive?" (It would have taken him about a week.) Then there was the reporter who, after days of travel, had made her way into formerly rebel-held territory and phoned her editor at home to give him an update. But she didn't get the chance. As

LOST TRACK: A
WOMAN CARES FOR
12 KIDS ORPHANED
BY HIV/AIDS

PHOTOGRAPH BY BRENT STIRTON/GETTY IMAGES

A STEREOTYPE



soon as she got through, the editor interrupted, "Can you call back later? The kids' pasta just finished, and I have to get it off the stove."

The reporter was calling, literally, from Timbuktu.

Ask any correspondent who has been based in Africa and she will tell you stories just like these. While no editor is infallible (take it from an editor who has proved it repeatedly), there are few regions where American media display greater ignorance, prejudice and low standards than in Africa.

That is, when we cover it at all. Today not one American broadcast network has a bureau in any of the more than 50 countries of the continent. The news magazines are there, but very thin on the ground, with NEWSWEEK having one bureau to cover the whole continent, in Cape Town, while Time "boasts" two. The wires and CNN do better, as do the large American papers like The New York Times and The Washington Post, each having three or four bureaus in sub-Saharan and North Africa.

The cost of that inattention? The perpetuation of stereotypes and prejudice—and poor journalism. From 1996 to 1999 I was NEWSWEEK's Johannesburg bureau chief. When I arrived in South Africa after a four-year assignment in Paris covering Western Europe and the Balkans, I was naive enough to believe that I would be able to cover Africa the same way I had covered Europe: comprehensively. In France I had reported on politics, social issues, tourism, economics, film, art, architecture, advertising, history ... But editors back in New York were not interested in as wide an array of stories from Africa. In a magazine with intense competition for space, there wasn't as much room for a holistic presentation of the continent as there had been for France. (That was partly understandable: circulation on the entire continent was less than in France.) Given the small amount of space available for Africa stories, the pieces had to be as hard-hitting as possible: war, AIDS, Ebola, voodoo, kids and coups.

Eventually I came to a cynical, if true, realization. It wasn't just my bosses in New York. As far as the entire American press was concerned, African stories—unlike the plethora of topics that could be covered in Asia, Europe, even Latin America—had to fall into one of three categories:

War, Disaster and Disease Stories: Rwanda, Angola, Democratic Republic of Congo, Sudan, Eritrea/Ethiopia, Mozambique, Sierra Leone.

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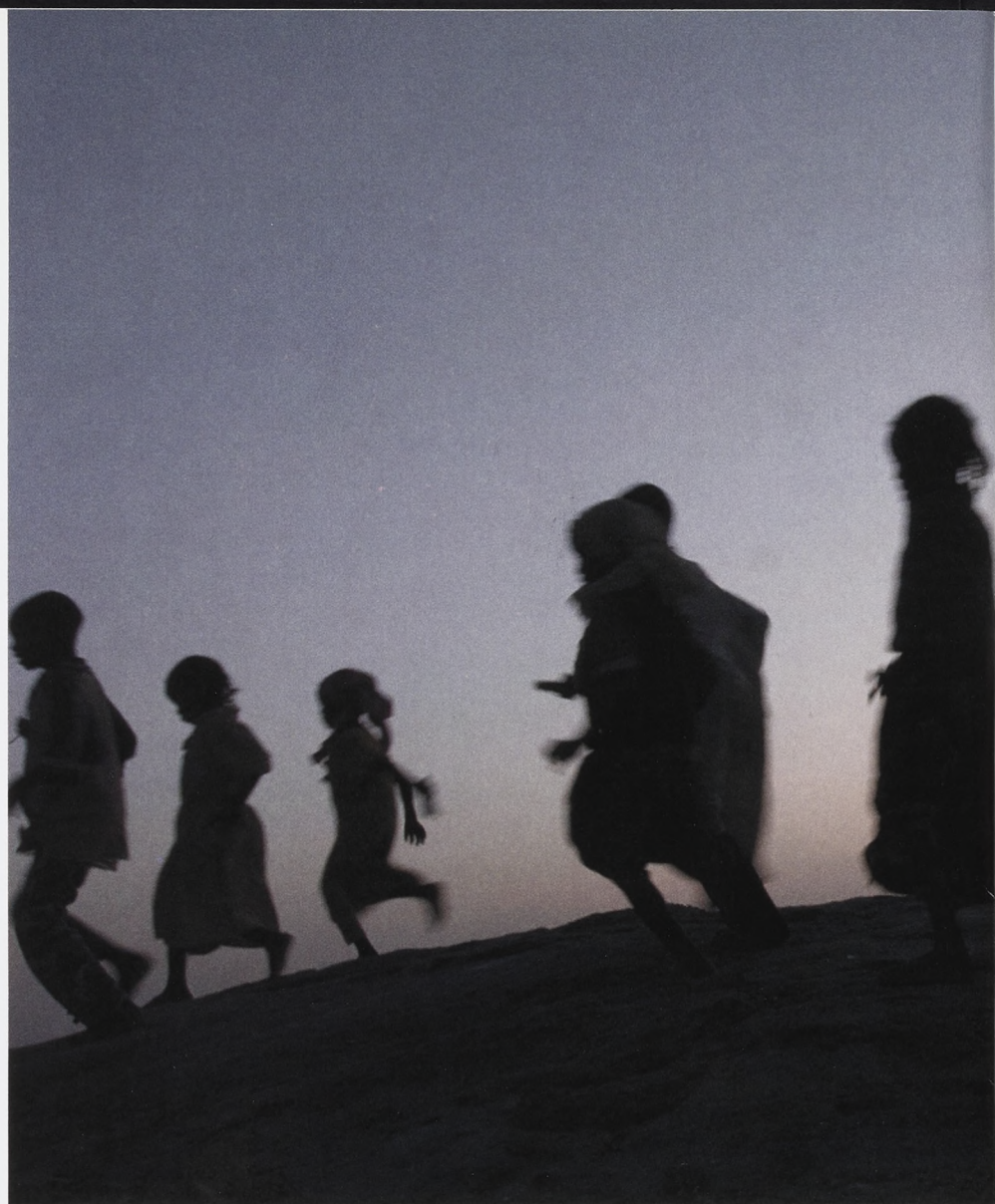
"WNC," or Weird N----- Continent, Stories: Voodoo, cannibalism, witch doctors ... ooga-booga.

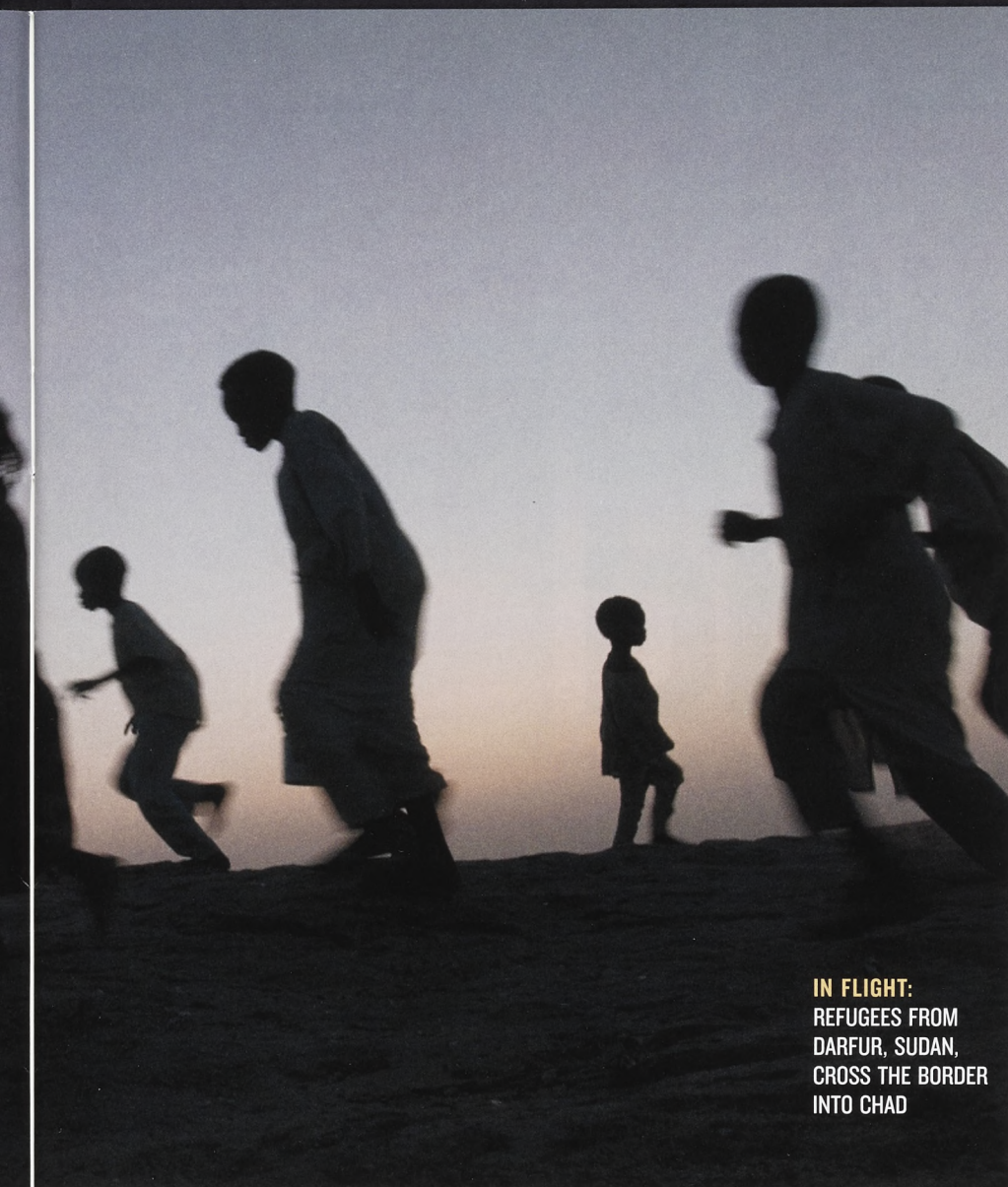
None of this was new then, and none of it has changed today. With the exception of extraordinary periods of history that garnered significant amounts of coverage (the wave of Africa independence, the end of apartheid), Africa has never been covered the way other regions are. Practically from the time the first Europeans landed, the continent has been reduced to a primordial caricature in the Western mind—the heart of darkness. Consequently, the prejudices that most Westerners, including journalists, hold about Africa limit what we see as a story—especially when most foreign editors have never even visited the continent. We are less interested in stories about people who don't look like most of us. Just look at how the press (and the world) responded to genocide in Rwanda, versus genocide in the heart of Europe. Finally, after the cold war the

strategic importance of the world's poorest continent faded, reducing America's interest in Africa to a new low.

We in the American news media do an even worse job of covering the continent than our Western peers. That's partly because our audiences lack the historical interest that Europe has in its former colonies. And it's partly because our readers, viewers and listeners rarely if ever complain about the quality of our Africa coverage. If they did, we would improve it.

And yet, sometimes, Africa breaks through. It happens thanks to reporters who put their egos and careers (and sometimes their lives) on the line, and editors who defy the conventional wisdom that Americans don't care about news from overseas and especially not about news from Africa. When I was a 28-year-old based on the continent, colleagues like Lynne Duke of The Washington Post and Howard French of The New York Times inspired me to fight to tell the whole story of Africa—mostly through their regular skirmishes with their desks. After we had left, reporters like Rachel Swarns continued to write





IN FLIGHT:
REFUGEES FROM
DARFUR, SUDAN,
CROSS THE BORDER
INTO CHAD

stories about Africa as a real place and Africans as whole people. French recently told allAfrica.com that he had written his recently released book, "A Continent for the Taking: The Hope and Tragedy of Africa," "not for fame or fortune, but because I thought I could perhaps affect the discussion about Africa in the United States, to help create a healthier awareness of the continent and the political and historical realities surrounding [it]."

The American media's greatest hope of improving our coverage of the continent lies in that kind of zeal, the sense of responsibility that possesses the majority of the correspondents who seek the African assignment. In October CNN's Johannesburg Bureau Chief Charlayne Hunter-Gault, the grande dame of

the Africa press corps, implored a new generation of journalists to make coverage of Africa as thorough and uncompromising as reportage from any other part of the world. At a National Association of Black Journalists award ceremony in Washington, Hunter-Gault told her colleagues, "I remember what [NABJ members] ... did for women and the story of poor people of America. You changed the face of journalism in this country. You've got to change the face of international journalism."

She noted that few of her stories from Africa appear on CNN in the United States. She remarked sadly that in general American coverage of Africa focuses on "the exotic and the bizarre and all the things we used to [report] about African-Americans." The former

"NewsHour" correspondent then added, "All you hear is Afro-pessimism. You have got to do something about what happens in the rest of the world for the people in America." Since Hunter-Gault's emotional plea, one of NEWSWEEK's domestic correspondents has been lobbying me weekly to go report from Africa. (Personally, I don't think it matters whether the coverage is positive or negative, reflecting "Afro-pessimism" or "Afro-optimism," as long as it's thorough.) Despite the general lack of interest, the coverage in 2004 was stronger and more nuanced than in many years. Propelled by the conflict in Darfur, Africa attained a new visibility in the U.S. media. Even more encouraging—and outside the confines of my dour three Africa-coverage categories—the awarding of the Nobel Peace Prize to an African woman environmentalist, Wangari Maathai, garnered headlines. So did the election to the United States Senate of the son of an African immigrant. Stories in all media offered rare in-depth looks at South Africa and Rwanda, 10 years after the former's historic multiracial elections and the latter's horrific genocide. And the Oscar-nominated "Hotel Rwanda" brought the genocide to the entertainment pages, educating many who had been unaware that the genocide had ever occurred. Still, we have missed more African stories than we have covered.

The question now is what will happen in the next year. When I recently visited the continent I was surprised to find progress that I had not read about. In Kenya, the roads were dotted with modern advertisements, and the black African middle class sported a new confidence. And more ordinary Kenyans were invested with hope than in generations. The resignation of the country's anti-corruption czar—who was angry about high-level embezzlement and government efforts to cover up graft—set off an uproar in the ruling coalition, something unimaginable under the kleptocratic strongman Daniel arap Moi. Elsewhere, South Africa was boasting economic stability and a better balance of payments than the United States. But few of our readers or viewers knew any of that. Their ignorance reflects poorly on those of us charged with bringing the world to America. The good news? Tomorrow each of us will have another shot at getting the story right.

Mabry, now the New York-based chief of correspondents for NEWSWEEK, covered the continent from 1996 to 1999.

**THE GREAT HOPE FOR improving
coverage LIES IN THE ZEAL OF THOSE
WHO SEEK THE ASSIGNMENT.**

AFRICA: A TALE untold

With a new Africa desk, the AP aims to lead coverage of the forgotten continent.

BY DONNA BRYSON
Associated Press

THERE'S ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW out of Africa," Roman historian Pliny the Elder wrote in the first century. Trouble is, 21st-century newspaper readers are presumed not to buy that. Many say news out of Africa is the same old litany of disaster, war and famine, and they're tired of reading it.

But let's look at it through the eyes of Africans. In countries across the continent, where pain and suffering often seem to have taken corporeal form, the people have shown the determination and courage that shape history.

Consider the Congolese, who took to the streets of their capital in January after the country's electoral commission said parliamentary and presidential elections originally set for June would likely be delayed. If the Congolese, battered by depredations and five years of civil war, haven't given up on their future, why should anyone else?

Last year the AP created a Europe-Africa editing desk, whose goals include strengthening our focus on Africa. We have three main bureaus: Johannesburg, Nairobi and Dakar. Cairo, home of our Middle East bureau, shares responsibility for Sudan with Nairobi and also handles Libya, while Paris is in charge of Algeria, Morocco and Tunisia. My aim as the AP's London-based editor for Africa is to ensure that Africans' dreams aren't overlooked. It's also to ensure that the work of the journalists

who cover Africa for the AP isn't overlooked. My passion for Africa was first stoked by the genius of African novelists like Cheikh Hamidou Kane of Senegal and Chinua Achebe of Nigeria, who introduced their home as a place where Shakespearean conflict was part of everyday life—tradition vs. modernity, individual vs. society, freedom vs. dictatorship. Much later, as a reporter, my first foreign assignment was to South Africa in 1993, just in time for the post-apartheid elections. It was an exhilarating time for Africa hands. Africans' dreams were making history—and front pages. Looking back, I realize that some of the interest resembled the impulse to slow down to watch a traffic accident. Many were predicting a race war.

Those who tuned in expecting chaos got a better story. I spent April 27, 1994, in line with voters. I met a woman in Johannesburg who waited hours, only to be told when she got to the doors of the polling station that there was some problem with her identification. A stranger volunteered to drive her downtown, where on-the-spot voter IDs were being processed. She returned with proper ID, stood in line a few more hours and voted. "Is that all?" she said to me. She would have gladly stood in line hours more, savoring democracy.

A decade later, perhaps the most extraordinary South African development is what has failed to develop. Whites and blacks, despite their bitter shared history, have not come to violence. Instead of race war, there was the Truth

and Reconciliation Commission. Nelson Mandela did not become just another African dictator. He stepped down gracefully after one term, and these days is recognized around the world as a symbol of Africa's potential.

That potential is a long way from realization. Mandela's African National Congress has been slow to transform itself from a freedom party to a democratic party clearly committed to respecting opposing opinions and the rule of law. Mandela's successor, Thabo Mbeki, may turn out to be the autocrat who won't step aside. More ominously, AIDS seems poised to rob South Africa of its future. Many of the 600 South



**DREAMS:
GOOD NEWS
AMID THE BAD**

other families in similar danger. A crowd gathered, but no one tried to stop the soldiers from evacuating those threatened to a refugee camp. Amid Rwanda's crimes, the courage and selflessness of one woman shone.

Still, a decade later, Rwanda is worrying. It is peaceful, but Hutus, whose extremists carried out the genocide, and the Tutsi minority remain wary of each other. It could so easily descend into chaos, and so easily draw in neighboring Burundi, Uganda and Congo. Zimbabwe's Robert Mugabe has presided over five years of political and economic turmoil sparked by his decision to allow the often violent seizure of thousands of white-owned farms and his relentless crackdown on dissenters, whether black or white.

Which seems to bring us back to disaster, war, famine. But it does not bring us to a conclusion that the world is uninterested—or that these are the only stories. From the Rwandan Harriet Tubman to the Congolese protesters, it's the good news amid the bad that most interests me. Moreover, what transpires in Africa impacts the rest of the world in important ways. British Prime Minister Tony Blair has made doubling of international aid to Africa a key goal of Britain's current presidency of the Group of Eight industrialized nations. Citizens in the rich world need and want information from poor countries if they are to judge policy initiatives like Blair's. Those who don't find news of Africa in the traditional media can turn to Internet sites like Panapress and Africa Online.

I don't plan to let others take the lead. To the contrary: the AP is well placed to serve the new Internet sources—and our African and other stories are a staple of many Web sites. The response to a horror far from Africa, the tsunami that struck Asia in December, is instructive. Around the world, people did not avert their eyes. They rallied to help, and demanded more, not less, information to guide their efforts, often turning to the Web to satisfy their curiosity. An African ambassador here in London said the international response to the tsunami got her wondering whether the "end of cynicism" was at hand. I'd be happy with at least a beginning of optimism.

Bryson, the AP's London-based Africa editor, reported from Congo, Egypt, the Ivory Coast, Kenya, Mozambique, South Africa, Zimbabwe and elsewhere during more than a decade as a foreign correspondent.

AFRICA'S positive stories SHOULD MAKE NEWS TOO.

Africans who die every day of AIDS are young adults, leaving their parents behind to care for a growing number of AIDS orphans.

Last year, the world marked not only the 10th anniversary of South

Africa's revolution but also a decade since Rwanda's genocide. I covered Rwanda, stumbling on bodies left to rot in that country's heartbreakingly beautiful valleys. One day, as we traveled with French peacekeepers, a Rwandan woman slipped a note to the photographer with me: "Please save my children." The woman, a Hutu, later explained that neighbors who had killed her Tutsi husband were now threatening her five young sons. Once she realized she had our attention, she said there were more lives to be saved. Over the next few hours, she led the French troops up and down narrow dirt tracks, pointing out the homes of

A close-up photograph of a hand reaching out towards the camera. The hand is positioned against a bright yellow, textured wall. A sharp shadow of the hand and forearm is cast onto the wall to the left. In the lower portion of the frame, a larger, dark shadow of a person with their arms outstretched is visible on the same yellow wall.

WIDE WORLD:
AFRICA'S GREAT
DIVERSITY MAKES
FOR DIVERSE STORIES

YOU can't GET

Forget the arrests, threats and tear gas—the real challenge in covering a 45-nation beat is just making the rounds.

BY LAURIE GOERING
Chicago Tribune

WHEN FOREIGN CORRESPONDENTS travel to Zimbabwe these days, they take along a pair of bird-watching binoculars. That's not because of any newfound interest in ornithology. It's because they're now forced to visit disguised as tourists. Foreign journalists have routinely been refused visas to the country since 2002, when President Robert Mugabe stole the last presidential election and foreign correspondents wrote about it. Now his media aides are no longer willing to let them in, not even those prepared to pay the several-hundred-dollar fee the country charges for a single-entry journalist's visa.

But the correspondents cross the border anyway, with tourist stamps in their cleanest passports, always looking over their shoulders for the Zimbabwean security police, trying to act nonchalant at the airport Immigration desk and risking two years in jail—the current penalty for being caught committing journalism without a license.

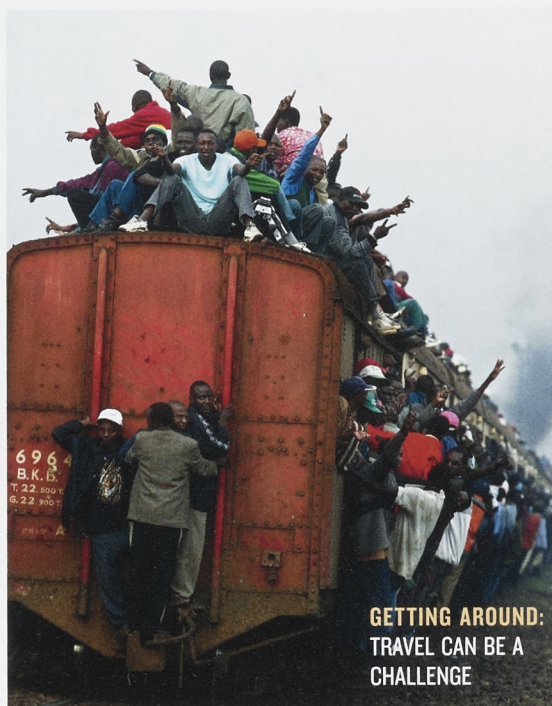
Covering Africa is always a challenge. I have been arrested in Botswana, threatened by soldiers in the Ivory Coast and tear-gassed in Zimbabwe. But that's only the start of the difficulties in a region where wooing reluctant governments into granting visas, struggling to translate interviews in several dozen languages and catching decrepit airplanes to war zones is part of daily life.

I often think the most difficult aspect of my job is simply that my beat, sub-Saharan Africa, includes 45 countries. I'm constantly faced with decisions about whether to simply narrow in on a troubled few—Sudan, Congo, the Ivory Coast, Somalia, Zimbabwe—or try to offer a broader view of the region, beyond the wars and disasters. Mostly I have decided on the latter, in a personal effort to present a more balanced view of the region and to look at the issues behind the wars and crises.

THERE FROM HERE

But Africa is so huge I'm still unlikely to visit any one country—even a journalistically hot one—often enough to really know it well. By the time I show up again in Angola or Burkina Faso, a year or two after my previous visit, most of my contacts have moved on to new positions or fellowships at Harvard or retirement, and traded in their cell-phone numbers.

Just getting to most of the countries is often a challenge. Nearly every country in sub-Saharan Africa demands I get a visa before visiting. Some are relatively easy to obtain. Others, for places like Sudan, Ethiopia and Nigeria, can take weeks or months. As I struggle to plan where I'll visit, trying to anticipate where trouble could happen, visa procurement becomes an art. Do I send my second passport to the Eritrean Embassy so it won't see the stamp for Ethiopia, Eritrea's hated enemy, in the main passport, and turn me down? But what if Eritrea stamps a big JOURNALIST visa in the secondary passport, the



GETTING AROUND:
TRAVEL CAN BE A
CHALLENGE

A TRANSLATOR WILL LISTEN TO A GUN-TOTING rebel rant EXCITEDLY FOR MINUTES, THEN SAY, 'HE IS NOT HAPPY.'

one I use to get into Zimbabwe as a tourist?

Once I have a visa in hand, there's the matter of finding a flight. Africa has a few excellent airlines, like South African Airways, that offer direct flights to plenty of places. But getting to others is a major struggle. The quickest route from Johannesburg to Malabo, the capital of Equatorial Guinea, I was recently advised, involves a stopover in Zurich. The more direct route, the one that doesn't leave Africa, recently took a journalist friend three days via Air Gabon, with stopovers in Cameroon, Gabon and a couple of other West African nations.

Dealing with Africa's plethora of languages—sometimes more than a dozen in one country—is also tough. I worked for years in Latin America, where an understanding of Spanish, Portuguese and English will get you through interviews with the vast majority of people. Now, in Africa, the languages I confront include Arabic, French, Swahili, Zulu, Afrikaans and about 200 others. I find it constantly frustrating to rely on translators, the worst of whom will listen to a gun-toting rebel as he waves his hands and

shouts excitedly for several minutes, then turn back to me and say, "He is not happy."

Parts of Africa remain very dangerous for journalists. Kate Peyton, a BBC producer, was shot dead recently while standing at the entrance of her hotel in Mogadishu, troubled Somalia's capital (page 64). Simply working in Somalia often requires flying in with drug-runners and paying your weight in khat, a popular mild narcotic, then hiring a pickup truck full of security men to try to keep the kidnappers away. Things are so bad that Somalia's new government is based in neighboring Kenya, afraid so far to take up office at home. Working conditions for journalists aren't much better in Darfur, where both rebels and Janjaweed gunmen are a threat, or in xenophobic and mob-ridden Ivory Coast or in eastern Congo, where several virulent strains of malaria can take you down if the gunmen don't.

Even Africa's best-run and purportedly most benevolent countries can unexpectedly turn ugly. While reporting on forced removals of the San Bushmen from Botswana's Central Kalahari Game Reserve, a photographer and I

were arrested on charges of "leaving a designated campsite," forced to drive across the country, held overnight in a police station and threatened with being put on trial after several weeks in jail. Eventually we were set free after paying a fine.

My biggest struggle in covering the continent, though, has been trying to make readers back in Chicago care about it. Most have never visited; most never will. Feeding them a nonstop diet of war, famine and crisis, I've found, eventually makes them quit reading altogether about a continent they consider a hopeless disaster.

Instead I have tried to examine the obstacles to Africa's success and how they might be overcome, and to look at least occa-

sionally at some of the positive developments, from big ones such as West Africa's growing self-criticism and push for democratic rule to small things like Africa's increasingly successful film industry. The vast continent is a hard place to understand and to explain. Every trend—growing peace, greater democracy—has an exception. Simply explaining the basics to readers—where each country is, a brief bit of history, its current situation—eats up a good chunk of the limited space for each story.

The good news is, there's no shortage of news. My pieces-to-write list grows longer each day I am here, and I wake up each morning to tough decisions: Try to get to the unrest in Togo? Write that piece on Lesotho's ailing clothing industry? What about the Oscar nomination for South Africa's latest film? Or the peace settlement in southern Sudan? After three years of covering sub-Saharan Africa—with admittedly big chunks of time diverted to Iraq and Afghanistan—I've made it to fewer than half of the nations on my beat. The sad reality is, I might never set foot in Benin or Gambia or Niger, much as I'd like to. But I never worry about running out of stories, only space in my passport.

Goering, who holds a master's degree in African studies from the University of Illinois, covers sub-Saharan Africa for the Chicago Tribune, her third foreign posting for the paper.

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A plague WITHOUT A PLOTLINE

With its slow, depressing spread across Africa, the worst epidemic in history is also its most serious journalistic challenge.

BY LAURIE GARRETT

Council on Foreign Relations

IT HAS BEEN 24 YEARS SINCE THE WORLD learned of the new disease we now call AIDS. The acronym—for acquired immune deficiency syndrome—recalls that from the outset AIDS was a controversy more than an illness. By politely naming the then universally fatal ailment after its symptoms rather than its cause, scientists, physicians and public-health leaders sidestepped the question of its viral origins. To this day, the cause of AIDS is debated, its control is hampered by politics, and its impact is shrouded in stigma.

If all the roughly 42 million people now infected with the human immunodeficiency virus, or HIV, die of AIDS, in addition to the estimated 24 million who have already succumbed, HIV will rank as the biggest killer microbe in history. In some communities—particularly on the African continent—AIDS may over the next five years kill more than a third of the adult population. According to a recent report out of Pretoria, HIV killed more than 400,000 South Africans last year, or at least 100,000 more people than perished in the tsunami that swept

South Asia on Dec. 26. Though South Africa remains in a startling state of denial, hardly a household has gone unscathed. Even former president Nelson Mandela recently admitted that his eldest son had died of AIDS.

For journalists the AIDS pandemic has proved difficult to cover. Though it is our modern Black Death, HIV kills excruciatingly slowly. The graveyards fill in increments, and the story drags on with no real-time plotline. Indeed, the death toll of the global pandemic can be plotted as a curve that simply keeps rising, relentlessly, with no sign of plateau or the famous bell-shaped curve normally seen with epidemics. Though the mortality curves have plummeted in the United States and other wealthy nations since the 1996 introduction of combination drug therapy, that downturn has had no significant impact on the global trend. Most of the world cannot afford the anti-HIV drugs, even at steeply discounted prices, and lacks health systems capable of easy distribution.

When the *Yersinia pestis* bacterium was carried by fleas in the fur of infested ship rats onto the shores of Europe in the mid-14th century, it sparked the great plague, which obliterated upwards of a third of the population of the continent





DEVASTATING:
ONLY 2 PERCENT
GET THE RIGHT
HIV TREATMENTS

in less than five years. In parts of what is now called Italy, mortality exceeded 75 percent of the population. Remarkably, few chroniclers of the day took note, and histories of the period written well into the 20th century barely mentioned the pandemic. Giovanni Villani was perhaps the greatest historian of his time: he died of *Yersinia pestis* infection midsentence, quill in hand, in Florence in 1348 as he inked a sentence meant to be part of his account of the plague. One can scour Italian literature for contemporaneous descriptions of the plague, for the equivalent of journalists' accounts, and come up largely disappointed. It was as if having three out of every four men, women and children in Tuscany—a region the size of the state of Illinois—perish in 18 months would have no net impact on the historical arc of the place, or its survivors. Were it not for Boccaccio's "Decameron," we would have little idea how people understood or responded to the massive tragedy unfolding around them.

For centuries after the plague, historians utterly ignored the event, pretending that the deterioration of feudalism, the collapse of the Holy Roman Empire's control of Europe, the rising individual-rights movement, the cessation of city-state wars and the Reformation were all events that sprang out of nothingness, rather than being the direct results of massive social upheavals produced not only by the 1348 plague but by the waves of pestilence that followed. As late as the mid-20th century, historians and political scientists adhered to the teachings of Thomas Malthus, who argued that plagues were natural events that inevitably occurred about every four decades to readjust the size of the otherwise teeming *Homo sapiens* population. As such, Malthus insisted, they had no net impact on history.

The world's population is now more than 6 billion—a figure Malthus would have thought impossible—most of whom have found it quite comfortable to ignore our contemporary plague. Even in nations such as Zambia, Swaziland, Zimbabwe and Malawi, where funerals are so numerous that their attendance has become a serious productivity drag for the regional economy, the AIDS pandemic can be hard to see with casual eyes.

We are witnessing a slow-motion plague in a time of 24-hour-news attention spans. It is hard enough for news organizations, and the publics they serve, to stay focused on Iraq, the West Bank, nuclear proliferation and home-



THE CHALLENGE IS TO GRASP AND REPORT THE historical scale OF THE GLOBAL PANDEMIC.

land security—stories with reasonably short plotlines, interesting characters and action-packed violence or the threat of expansion into still-larger catastrophes. Our modern plague, in contrast, unfolds slowly, depressingly, with few plot twists, too many African characters to attract Western sympathy, and no hope of a happy ending.

In efforts to keep the pandemic on the news agenda, journalists have recently focused on areas of controversy: expensive patented treatments versus far cheaper generic ones; sexual abstinence versus widespread condom use; the Bush administration's bilateral programs for AIDS relief versus the multilateral Global Fund to Fight AIDS, Tuberculosis and Malaria; safe-needle distribution to IV drug users versus "just say no" campaigns. Each of these fights represents a valid dispute over how best to tackle the greatest challenge humanity has faced in many centuries, but in the long run they constitute little more than detours along an expanding superhighway to hell.

Ultimately, the greatest challenge for

foreign correspondents of the early 21st century is to grasp, and report, the historical scale of what is taking place in the HIV-afflicted world. I can think of no story more difficult to tell, or more important. Wars come and go, economies rise and fall, but our species has never in its history faced a foe like HIV. It is an enemy against which we appear to have no natural defenses, few behavioral options for slowing its spread, only a handful of expensive and noncurative drugs and no vaccine. It has struck a world that was until recently divided, with "communists" on one side and "capitalists" on the other, each side striving to minimize the collateral damage in the cold war in hopes of tipping the scales of converts to its advantage. In the

14 years since the capitalists won that war, most of the world's wealth has concentrated into the control of fewer than a dozen nations. And HIV has found fertile ground in the poorest countries, which account collectively for less than 3 percent of the planet's wealth.

When the plague struck Europe in the 14th century; when the Black Death slammed England in the 17th century; when European diseases vanquished more than 90 percent of the Amerindian populations in the 17th century, and when influenza swept the world in 1918, there were no globalized journalists bearing witness. Even in the telegraph age of the 1918 influenza pandemic, few New Yorkers knew about the death tolls in nearby Philadelphia.

The great moral challenge of our generation is also its paramount journalistic challenge: rousing the emotions and wealth of the richest nations to the desperate plight of the HIV-ravaged poor world, not just for one story or one debate, but over the full historical arc of humanity's worst plague. To those of you who try, I tip my hat and beg you to try some more ... and then more ... and then more. Sadly, this story will outlive your careers, and quite possibly the careers of future journalists who are now only learning to count and will one day be tallying AIDS mortality figures.

Garrett has worked for NPR and Newsday, garnering along the way a Pulitzer Prize, two Polk Awards, a Peabody and four OPC Awards—most for coverage of public-health and epidemic issues overseas. She is now the senior fellow for global health at the Council on Foreign Relations and a member of the Board of Governors of the OPC.

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PRECIOUS CARGO:
WOMEN IN DARFUR
GATHER GRAIN
FROM BAGS BROKEN
IN AN AIRDROP



*I was in Africa for years before I
looked hunger in the eye. Now it
puts passion in my reporting.*

SHAME

BY ROGER THUROW

The Wall Street Journal

STARVATION," VOLI CARUCCI TOLD me on my first day in Ethiopia, "is an ancient emotion. It is something people in Europe and America have forgotten about."

It was certainly a remote emotion for me, growing up amid the wheat and corn farms of Illinois and Iowa, the breadbaskets of the world. Now, it was literally at my feet. Carucci and I were surveying Africa's starvation zones on a series of maps spread out in his office at the World Food Program headquarters in Addis Ababa. It was May 2003, and famine was advancing across the continent on two fronts: in the south, where drought was combining with AIDS to ratchet up the misery and death, and in Ethiopia, where more than 12 million people were desperate for food. Six floors below us, the tin shacks of an African shantytown baked in the afternoon sun. Surely, the famine was advancing down those dirt lanes, too.

The next day I would be traveling south with Carucci and other WFP staffers to the Boricha area, which traditionally had grown enough food to feed its residents. But not anymore. It had become one of the hungriest, and deadliest, areas of Ethiopia. Carucci wanted me to be prepared. "Looking into the eyes of someone dying of hunger," he warned, "is a disease of the soul. You see that nobody should have to die of hunger."

For the better part of a morning we drove through a drought-dry flatland laid barren by the overfarming of people desperate to squeeze sustenance from the soil. The final kilometers were on a rugged dirt road climbing into the Ethiopian highlands. We stopped at the entrance to a warren of tents serving as an emergency therapeutic feeding center. They were filled with starving children.

In the first tent I found 5-year-old Hagirso Ketema sitting on the canvas floor. He was propped up between the spindly legs of his father, Tesfaye. A few days before, Tesfaye reported, he had carried his son for 1½ hours to this makeshift famine clinic. Hagirso was on

OF OUR age?

the verge of starving to death. He looked like E.T., with his swollen head and bone-thin arms and legs—the haunting portrait of famine. His eyes were deep black holes. No hint of playfulness. No baleful beseeching. They were empty. Lifeless.

Carucci was right. Hagirso's eyes infected my soul, and infused my reporting on development issues, then and now, with a new urgency and passion. Why, I pressed Ethiopia's doctors, diplomats, politicians and aid workers, was this happening to him and millions of

AIDS. So, if AIDS is the scourge of our age, what, then, is hunger? How about the shame of our age?

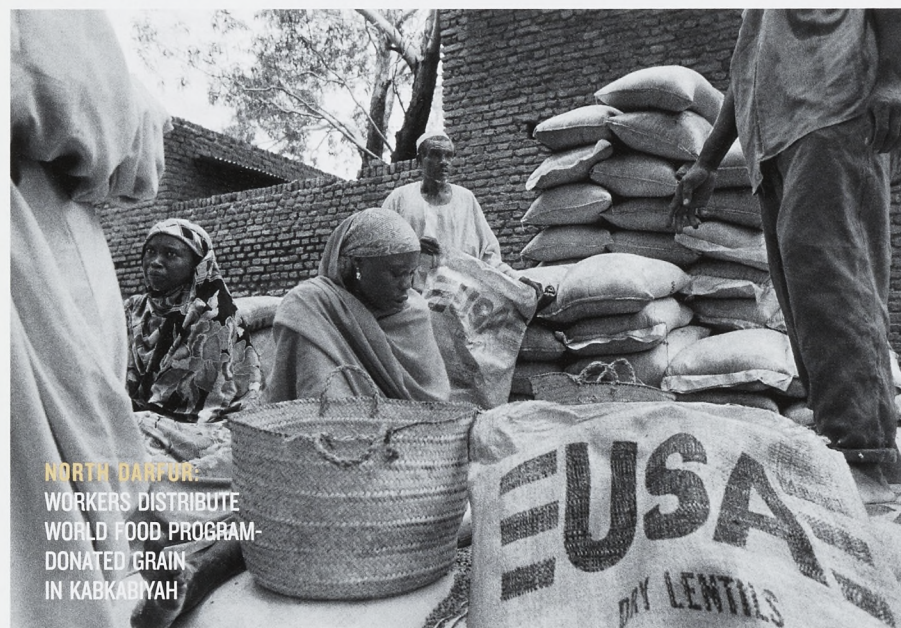
I confess I share in this shame, for what had I done to rattle the world's conscience about its hungry multitudes? I had been writing about Africa since 1986, when I established The Wall Street Journal's Johannesburg office. For five years I was preoccupied with covering apartheid and the struggle against it. On my many subsequent visits to Africa, where the challenges to humanity are most raw, hunger was part of the wall-

politics, development aid and political will, all of which—far beyond the failure of the weather—caused the famine. That year I also went to Swaziland, where AIDS was triggering famine by killing the farmers rather than the crops; eerily, it has become a land of child-headed households where the children lack the resources and experience to feed themselves. I also made my way to Zimbabwe, where the strongman Robert Mugabe had run his country's agriculture into the ground, and where more than half of the population was being kept alive by food aid from the international community. Since the Mugabe government doesn't take kindly to reporters, I flew into Victoria Falls as a tourist and then hitched a ride with some relief workers to the village of Puppu, where residents told about eating wild fruit and Mopane worms to make the food aid stretch longer.

In 2004, a Journal series, "Farms Race," explored the shifting balance of power in global agricultural production as new food titans emerge to challenge the supremacy of the United States. For one story I zeroed in on India, where the hunger paradox is most glaring. Thanks to the Green Revolution, India has become one of the world's agricultural powers, accumulating a 60 million-ton stockpile of wheat and rice. Yet it still has more hungry people than anywhere else in the world. India, I was told by its venerable scientist M. S. Swaminathan, had conquered its famine of food but was now suffering from a famine of jobs and livelihoods that could provide the money to buy the food.

Meanwhile, another food famine was in the making in Africa. And so I began this year in Darfur, Sudan, focusing on the cumulative impact of the campaign to drive African farmers off their land. After the killings, the rapes and the mass expulsions, Darfur stands on the cusp of a major hunger crisis. Traveling through a string of destroyed farming villages, I found a dire shortage of food that was threatening even the Arab nomads and herders accused of committing the atrocities. Two harvests have already been lost, and a third ruinous year looms as farmers too afraid to leave the barren refugee camps to which they have been driven are giving up on this spring's planting season. In Darfur, hunger is now the new agent of the violence that has been labeled "genocide" by the United States, but that continues unchecked by a world unwilling to intervene.

I had seen the effects of confounding Western policies at work before in Ethiopia, where Africa's hunger crisis first snapped into sharp relief for me. On my first visit, I walked across Chombe Se-



NORTH DARFUR:
WORKERS DISTRIBUTE
WORLD FOOD PROGRAM-
DONATED GRAIN
IN KABKABIYAH

others? More to the point, why was it happening again, 19 years after Ethiopia's epic famine of 1984 killed nearly 1 million people and triggered the Live Aid outpouring of money and commitment that it wouldn't happen again? And why was it happening now, at the dawn of the 21st century?

Hunger is the great paradox of our time. More food is being produced around the world than ever before. There are enough calories in that food to sustain every person in the world. Technology is yielding ever-greater harvests on smaller plots of land. The advances of the Green Revolution in Asia ranked high among the wonders of the 20th century. How can hunger still be a problem in the 21st?

And yet it is. After a steady drop in the number of the hungry in the 1980s and '90s, the roll call of the starving is on the rise again. More than 840 million people go to bed hungry at night. The United Nations health and food agencies estimate that 25,000 people a day die of hunger or the effects of malnutrition. That's far more than die of HIV and

AIDS TRIGGERS famine BY KILLING THE FARMERS RATHER THAN THE CROPS.

paper. For me, and for much of the world, hunger was a given of Africa. What's new about it?

Hagirso's eyes opened mine. Peering into his hollow stare, I saw behind the wallpaper for the first time. The ancient emotion became current. What's new about hunger is precisely that it's old. Why is it still with us? Why can't we conquer it? That is a story that needs to be told over and over again.

I made three trips to Ethiopia in 2003 to examine the failures of international



FOOD FAILURE:
IN WEST DAR-
FUR, A REGION
HIT BY WAR
AND FAMINE

IN THE FOG:
NORTHEASTERN
ETHIOPIA, A
STARVATION ZONE



youn's barren 200 acres, wind whipping up the parched dirt, as he told me how a bumper harvest of grain and vegetables from that same soil the year before had contributed to a huge collapse of agricultural prices across the country. Without government price supports—a common practice in the West but discouraged in Africa by the World Bank and other donors—Seyoum lost so much money that he couldn't afford to pay for the fuel to run his irrigation system. He turned off the flow of water, and then the drought hit. He cursed the failed economics that idled his irrigation in the midst of a famine.

On my second trip another farmer, Jerman Amente, threw open the doors of his warehouse in the town of Nazareth to reveal thousands of tons of wheat and maize. His production, from the bumper crop the year before, was languishing there, while more than a million tons of food aid, mainly from the United States, rushed past on the narrow blacktop road outside. The United States is bound by legislation to send its own homegrown food for aid (to help American farmers) rather than spend cash on foreign produce. Amente scrambled to the top of a stack of white plastic bags filled with wheat and, with a big laugh, shouted: "Take my picture and tell America, 'Ethiopia has no food. Please help.'" On my third

A CRUEL IRONY: THE LAND THAT FEEDS the Nile IS UNABLE TO FEED ITSELF.

visit, after a bone-jarring 11-hour drive from Addis Ababa, I arrived in Bahir Dar, with an engineer from Ethiopia's Ministry of Water Resources. From the surrounding hills flow a number of smaller rivers that end up in Lake Tana, which, in turn, is the source of the Blue Nile. From there, the mighty river tumbles through deep gorges as it carves a 560-mile arc through Ethiopia before entering Sudan.

In all, the engineer told me, rivers originating in Ethiopia's highlands contribute 85 percent of the Nile water flowing through Egypt, where a vast web of dams and canals first commissioned by the pharaohs turn millions of desert acres into fertile fields. But in Ethiopia, regularly stalked by drought and famine, precious few drops of the Blue Nile and its tributaries are dammed to irrigate

crops. Geopolitics have conspired against Ethiopia. Governments, international lenders and development agencies have been loath to approve or finance any projects for irrigation or hydropower in Ethiopia that might reduce the flow of water into Egypt and cause crop failure and instability there. The result, I wrote, is "one of Africa's cruelest ironies: the land that feeds the Nile is unable to feed itself."

Only now, with Egypt closely watching, are pilot irrigation projects afoot in Ethiopia's Blue Nile basin. But not yet where I stood one blistering afternoon with Tesfahun Belachew on the banks of the Ribb River, a tributary of the Blue Nile. He works one acre along the Ribb. For the previous nine months, he said, ever since the rains had failed, his family had been surviving on food aid from abroad. We watched the water of the Ribb meander by his parched land, untouched, destined for the fields of Egypt.


His eyes weren't hollow like Hagir-so's. They were full of frustration and sorrow. "The water is right here," he said, "but we can't get it out."

Thurrow writes about development issues for The Wall Street Journal. He has been a Journal foreign correspondent for 20 years, with postings in Johannesburg, Vienna, Bonn and, currently, Zurich.



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Volkswagen applauds the Overseas Press Club for their outstanding achievements in international journalism.

Drivers wanted. 

“As tempting as it might be to look the other way, it is part of this magazine’s responsibility to cast the spotlight on problems that transcend borders...”

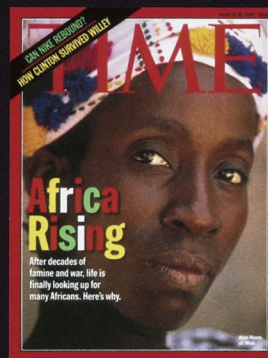
JIM KELLY
MANAGING EDITOR, TIME



2004



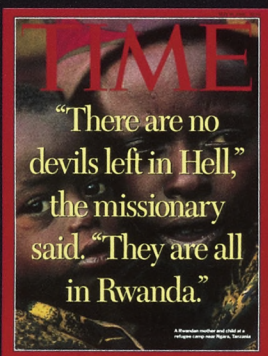
2001



1998



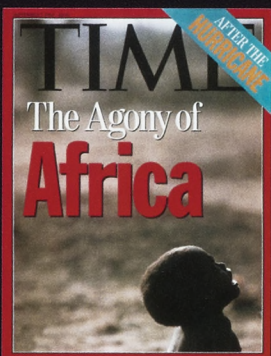
1994



1994



1992



1992



1987



1953

TIME
Know why.

THE OVERSEAS PRESS CLUB OF AMERICA annual awards

By Alexis Gelber, Awards Committee Chairperson

THE WAR IN IRAQ DOMINATED THE winning entries in this year's Overseas Press Club Awards. Fallujah produced powerful, classic war stories—inside reporting on both soldiers and insurgents that conjured up the dangers of the conflict and brought the story home to readers through evocative photographs and vivid reporting.

Perhaps the most extraordinary aspect of this year's competition was the number of entries that broke stories about the role of torture in the U.S. government's war on terror. From Seymour Hersh, Mark Danner, Sweden's TV4 and CBS News/"60 Minutes," there were shocking accounts of U.S. military abuses in Abu Ghraib and disturbing stories about the government's handling of terror suspects.



TORTURE: AT ABU GHRAIB PRISON

The OPC judges found many other international stories worthy of praise as well. There were photographs of extraordinary immediacy from the siege of the Russian school in Beslan. China's economic success dominated business headlines this year, and OPC award winners ferreted out the stories behind

the story: the inner workings of the state bureaucracy, and the price that American businesses pay to compete.

Judging 21 different awards is a very large undertaking. More than 70 journalists read, viewed, listened to and rendered their opinions about this year's 496 en-

tries—the second largest number in the history of the OPC awards. We thank the committee chairs and judges who so generously gave their time this year, and we salute all of our award winners.

1. THE HAL BOYLE AWARD

BEST NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE REPORTING FROM ABROAD



FILKINS

DEXTER FILKINS

THE NEW YORK TIMES
"STREET BY STREET IN FALLUJAH"

Dexter Filkins spent eight days with Bravo Company in Fallujah, writing daily from a Marine unit that took 36 casualties, including six dead, in brutal street by street fighting. His unembellished stories provided graphic detail on the lives of Marines pinned down by sniper fire. At considerable risk to himself, he gave readers an immersion into combat that rivals the best of all war reporting.

CITATIONS:

MATTHEW McALLESTER

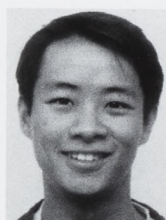
NEWSDAY
"ON THE FRONTLINE IN FALLUJAH"

C.J. CHIVERS AND STEVEN LEE MYERS

THE NEW YORK TIMES
"THE SIEGE IN BESLAN"

2. THE BOB CONSIDINE AWARD

BEST NEWSPAPER OR WIRE SERVICE INTERPRETATION OF INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS



PAN

PHILIP P. PAN

THE WASHINGTON POST
"CHINA: CONFRONTING THE SYSTEM"

In an exhaustively reported series, Pan focuses on the inner workings of the largest authoritarian system in the world and highlights the conflict between individuals, the state and the Communist Party as China modernizes and reaches out to the world. His often searing portraits of ordinary Chinese bring this classic conflict down to a very personal level. As well, the judges want to recognize the contribution of the researchers, Zhang Jing and Jing Ling.

CITATIONS:

RUSSELL CAROLLO, MIKE WAGNER, MEHUL SRIVASTAVA, KEN McCALL, JIM DeBROSSE, LARRY KAPLOW

DAYTON DAILY NEWS
"THE TOLL OF WAR"

TRUDY RUBIN

THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER
"A CLEAR EYE ON IRAQ"

3. THE ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL AWARD

BEST PUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING FROM ABROAD REQUIRING EXCEPTIONAL COURAGE AND ENTERPRISE



GILBERTSON

ASHLEY GILBERTSON

THE NEW YORK TIMES
"THE BATTLE FOR FALLUJAH"

Gilbertson was the most consistent visual recorder of the Iraq conflict this year. Spending more continuous time there than almost any other photographer, his images rise above the rest. Each picture stands alone aesthetically and, collectively, they portray the relentless tension and pressure the American troops were under in Fallujah. He sought out the best embeds and used those opportunities to make a memorable record of the American troops in action.

4. THE OLIVIER REBBOT AWARD

BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING FROM ABROAD IN MAGAZINES AND BOOKS



PELLEGRIN

PAOLO PELLEGRIN

MAGNUM FOR THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE
"HOW DID DARFUR HAPPEN?"

These pictures speak a totally different visual language than the usual reportage. They are very sophisticated and impressionistic. They unify the human plight of this story with the landscape in a dramatic way, creating a vision unlike anyone else has shown in a much-covered story. The pictures are unique and unforgettable.

CITATIONS:

MARK LEONG

REDUX PICTURES FOR CHRONICLE BOOKS
"CHINA OBSCURA"

SEAMUS MURPHY

NEWSWEEK
"AFGHANISTAN ELECTIONS AND SOCIETY"

5. THE JOHN FABER AWARD

BEST PHOTOGRAPHIC REPORTING FROM ABROAD
IN NEWSPAPERS AND WIRE SERVICES



WOODALL

ANDREA BRUCE WOODALL
THE WASHINGTON POST
"THE COST OF LIBERTY:
PROSTITUTION IN IRAQ"

It is extremely difficult to get access to such a sensitive subject as this Iraqi woman forced into prostitution to support her family, yet Woodall was clearly able to gain her trust and document her story. The judges thought the subject was amazingly well-photographed and were struck not only by the intimacy but the artistry of the images. The pictures show a high level of visual sophistication and a great deal of respect for Woodall's subject.

6. FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD

BEST FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY PUBLISHED IN
ANY MEDIUM ON AN INTERNATIONAL THEME



HILL

JAMES HILL
THE NEW YORK TIMES
"BESLAN"

A compelling black and white approach to this huge news story shows with great effectiveness the terrible tragedy of the Beslan school bombing. The large format images drive home the stark reality of the massacre that took the lives of so many people, mostly innocent children. The minimalist quality of Hill's pictures is truly haunting, so disquieting that one judge said, "You can hear the voices of the dead."

7. THE LOWELL THOMAS AWARD

BEST RADIO NEWS OR INTERPRETATION OF
INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS



BENSTED &
GOLDFARB

**MICHAEL GOLDFARB, ANNA
BENSTED, GEORGE HICKS**
WBUR-FM AT BOSTON
UNIVERSITY
INSIDE OUT DOCUMENTARIES
"BRITISH JIHAD"

The Lowell Thomas Award goes to WBUR-FM (Boston University) for excellent investigative radio work in exploring why Britain has become a recruiting center for global radical Islam, combined with a clear historic context of Britain's Muslim community. The WBUR team gained access to radical Muslim preacher Omar Bakhri Mohammed and his followers, the father of a Briton detained at Guantanamo Bay and other members of the British Muslim community to explore why British citizens have been attracted to violent Islam.

CITATIONS:

JOE RICHMAN AND SUE JOHNSON
RADIO DIARIES AND NPR
"MANDELA: AN AUDIO HISTORY"

NPR FOREIGN DESK
NATIONAL PUBLIC RADIO
"THE WAR IN IRAQ"

8. THE DAVID KAPLAN AWARD

BEST TV SPOT NEWS REPORTING FROM ABROAD



KOPPEL



WRIGHT

**TED KOPPEL, LEROY SIEVERS,
DAVID WRIGHT, ALMIN
KARAMEHMEDOVIC,
RICK BENNET**
ABC News—NIGHTLINE
"SPOTLIGHT ON DARFUR"

Nightline's reporting on the Sudan won for pure enterprise, for the heartbreaking images, for the strong analysis and good writing, and for the emotional appeal to viewers to shake off their apathy.

CITATION:

KIMBERLY DOZIER
CBS EVENING NEWS
"IRAQ AT WAR"



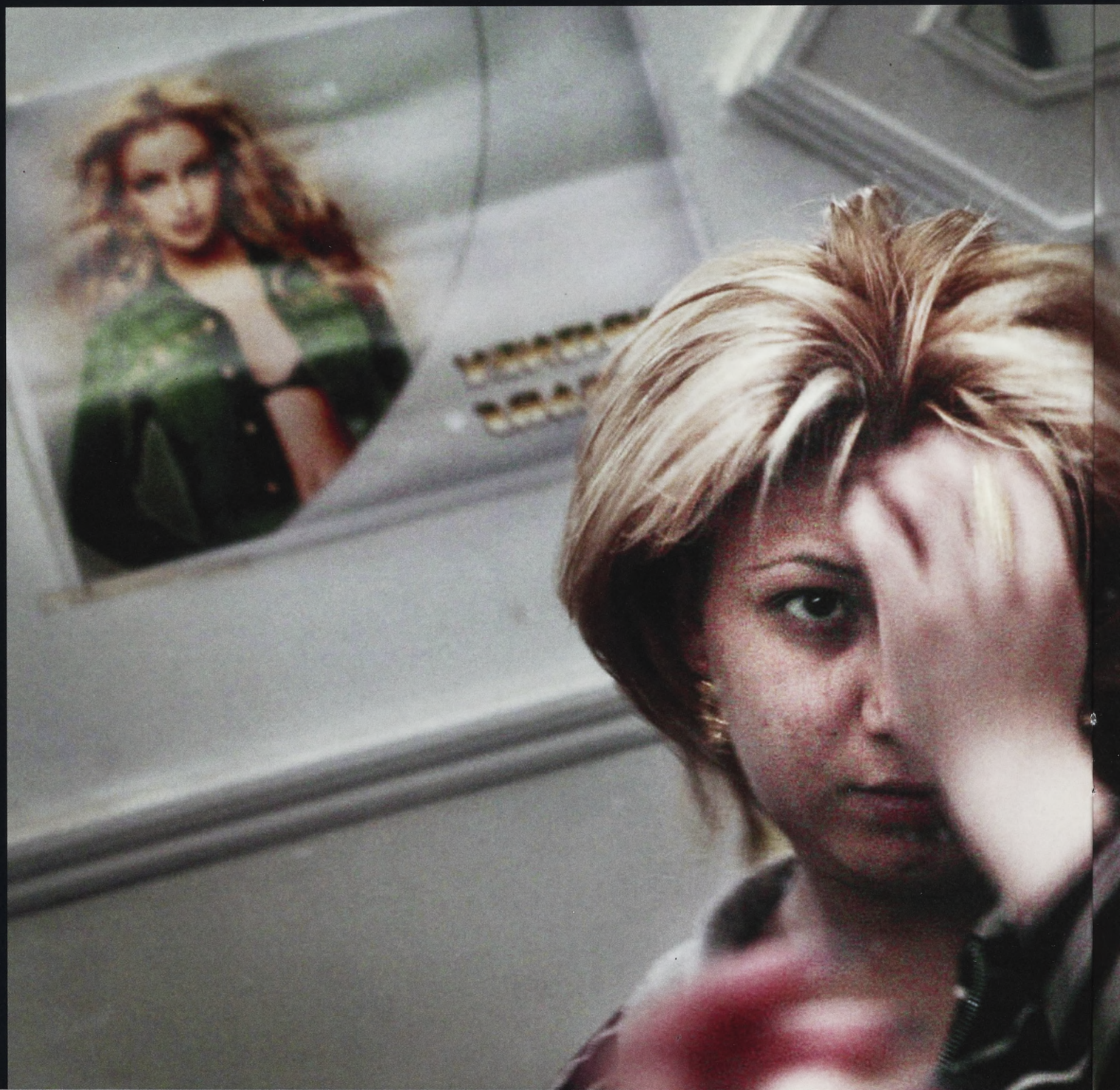


THE ROBERT CAPA GOLD MEDAL

ashley gilbertson

THE BATTLE OF FALLUJAH, IN WHICH Gilbertson faced some of the bloodiest days of the Iraq war, gave the photojournalist the chance to display his brilliance under fire. As he accompanied U.S. Marines through their battles with Iraqi insurgents, Gilbertson wrote in e-mails to his photo editor of “almost being killed a dozen times last night,” and, in order to change his equipment batteries, facing “a death run” to military vehicles. He frequently filed his award-winning photos from the toilets of mosques, among the few places he felt safe.







THE JOHN FABER AWARD

andrea bruce woodall

IN THIS REMARKABLE SERIES OF PHOTOS chronicling the life of a prostitute in Baghdad, photojournalist Woodall shows us the hidden cost of liberty. Her subject, Halla Muhammad Maarouf, is a 23-year-old widow. The death of her husband has led her to prostitution, the only way she can care for her two sons, parents, brothers and struggling extended-family members. But she faces danger from the growing power of Islamic extremists. Hair salons, which serve as meeting places for prostitutes, have been burned to the ground. Halla's cousin, also a prostitute, was murdered by clients. "If it wasn't for my children, I would kill myself," Halla says. She earns \$100 to \$300 a night for her services.

Counterclockwise from top right: at work in her apartment; portrait of despair; tucking her earnings under her traditional abaya and bra, Iraqi dinars on the left, dollars on the right; on the streets of Baghdad; preparing for clients at a beauty salon, with her hair in a Britney Spears style.



THE OLIVIER REBBOT AWARD

paolo pellegrin

THE GRIPPING TRAGEDY IN SOUTHERN Sudan is vividly brought home in this series from Darfur by photographer Paolo Pellegrin. The photos, taken in July and August 2004, were first published in The New York Times Magazine to accompany a story titled "How Did Darfur Happen?" Clockwise from right, a sandstorm sweeps across a refugee camp in the capital of Khartoum; women with their sick and malnourished children waiting at a health clinic run by Doctors Without Borders in Kas; an Islamic preacher firing up believers at a revival-style meeting in Burogna; women at a refugee camp near Kas; a young refugee in Nyala.



**TUES. 3/29
REPULLED THIS
IMAGE**



9. THE EDWARD R. MURROW AWARD

BEST TV INTERPRETATION OR DOCUMENTARY ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS



FANNING

DAVID FANNING, SHARON TILLER, STEPHEN TALBOT, KEN DORNSTEIN
WGBH AND KQED
FRONTLINE/WORLD
"STORIES FROM A SMALL PLANET"

The judges found Frontline's commitment to coverage of overlooked international stories from all corners of the globe admirable. Frontline World includes an account of a journalist's brutal beating death in Iran; a shocking portrayal of kidnapped brides in Kyrgyzstan and the cynical exploitation of sex workers in India. Frontline World's powerful storytelling, enterprising reporting and disciplined editing combined to create a powerful example of foreign reporting at its best.

CITATIONS:

DAN RATHER, MARY MAPES, DANA ROBERSON JOHNSON, MARY ALFIERI
CBS News—60 MINUTES WEDNESDAY
"PRISONERS OF WAR: ABU GHRAIB"

PETER JENNINGS, TOM YELLIN, SHERRY JONES
ABC News / PJ PRODUCTIONS
"GUANTANAMO"

10. THE ED CUNNINGHAM AWARD

BEST MAGAZINE REPORTING FROM ABROAD



GRAHAM

PATRICK GRAHAM
HARPER'S MAGAZINE
"BEYOND FALLUJAH: A YEAR WITH THE IRAQI RESISTANCE"

—AND—



WARE

MICHAEL WARE
TIME
"REPORTS FROM IRAQ"

The judges thought that both these journalists brought courage and insight to their coverage of Iraq's insurgency. Graham's compelling, village-level narrative illuminated the anger and passions of a small band of insurgents, and juxtaposed those views against the anxieties of American forces. Ware produced vivid, newsbreaking war correspondence that captured the challenges and forces arrayed against the U.S.

11. THE THOMAS NAST AWARD

BEST CARTOONS ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS



KALLAUGHER

KEVIN (KAL) KALLAUGHER
THE BALTIMORE SUN

Kal knows how to take a complicated idea and make it simple and funny. The world economy, for example, appears as a man in a hospital bed on life support. After recovering, getting dressed and stepping onto the street, he is mowed down by a truck labeled "Oil Prices." In another, Putin ignores Bush and drives a steamroller that flattens Lady Liberty, or "Democracy in Russia," to a pancake. With his cynicism, imagination and sharp drawing style Kal always hits his mark.

CITATIONS:

ROBERT L. ARIAIL
THE STATE (COLUMBIA, SC)

STEPHEN P. BREEN
THE SAN DIEGO UNION-TRIBUNE

12. THE MORTON FRANK AWARD

BEST BUSINESS REPORTING FROM ABROAD IN MAGAZINES



ENGARDIO

PETE ENGARDIO
DEXTER ROBERTS
AARON BERNSTEIN
BUSINESSWEEK
"THE CHINA PRICE"

The judges felt that the reporting and interpretation in this piece was outstanding. It was wide-ranging, richly-detailed and crammed with telling anecdotes. The conclusion: American manufacturers—even when fine-tuning productivity in highly-mechanized plants—may not be able to compete with Chinese companies. An outstanding look at perhaps the world's most important business story this year.



ROBERTS



BERNSTEIN

CITATIONS:

KATHERINE BOO
THE NEW YORKER
"THE BEST JOB IN TOWN"

MATTHEW SWIBEL
FORBES
"TWO FACES OF DUBAI"

13. THE MALCOLM FORBES AWARD

BEST BUSINESS REPORTING FROM ABROAD IN NEWSPAPERS OR WIRE SERVICES



SILVERSTEIN

KEN SILVERSTEIN AND T. CHRISTIAN MILLER

LOS ANGELES TIMES

"THE POLITICS OF PETROLEUM"

This comprehensive but compact series of three articles, with two major follow-ups, throws a clear light on the global intersection of oil and politics. With exhaustive investigative reporting, thorough documentation and a clear, commanding narrative, Silverstein and Miller show how Western governments and oil companies make a devil's bargain with those who control the world's new sources of oil—and the price paid in corruption, repression, poverty and misery for the people of supposedly oil-rich countries.

CITATION:

MICHAEL ONEAL

THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"OUTSOURCING: PAIN AND PROFIT"



MILLER

14. THE CORNELIUS RYAN AWARD

BEST NONFICTION BOOK ON INTERNATIONAL AFFAIRS



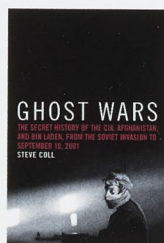
COLL

STEVE COLL

THE PENGUIN PRESS

"GHOST WARS"

In his remarkable book, Steve Coll has brought submerged history to light and so made a critical contribution to understanding of the September 11, 2001 attacks on the United States. The devastation of that day seemed to come from nowhere. But, thanks to Coll, we now know a lot more about its origins. Combining the resourcefulness of a journalist with the documentary research of an historian, Coll has drawn the missing lines between the cold war and the war on terror. In tracing the vagaries and ultimate carelessness of U.S. policy in Afghanistan, Coll demonstrates how Osama bin Laden was an American creation. The Mujahedin were first agents in the struggle against the Soviet Union, funded and encouraged by the CIA. Then the holy warriors turned on their creators. How and why this happened is the subject of Coll's masterful, riveting chronicle.



GHOST WARS

15. THE MADELINE DANE ROSS AWARD

BEST INTERNATIONAL REPORTING IN THE PRINT MEDIUM SHOWING A CONCERN FOR THE HUMAN CONDITION



DANNER

MARK DANNER

THE NEW YORK REVIEW OF BOOKS

"TORTURE AND TRUTH"

This outstanding entry addressed the issues of torture, international law and political responsibility. They depict the chilling story of how, by acts of commission and omission, the highest authorities in the United States mapped out the road to Abu Ghraib. Danner's work relentlessly exposed the culpability of those higher up the pecking order than the ordinary soldiers now in the dock.

CITATION:

MOLLY BINGHAM

WORLD PICTURE NEWS, VANITY FAIR

"ORDINARY WARRIORS: THE IRAQI RESISTANCE"

16. THE CARL SPIELVOGEL AWARD

BEST INTERNATIONAL REPORTING IN THE BROADCAST MEDIA SHOWING A CONCERN FOR THE HUMAN CONDITION



WLOCHATYUK

TIM WLOCHATYUK

SIMCHA JACOBOWICI

RIC ESTHER BIENSTOCK

JENNIFER HYDE

SID BEDINGFIELD

ASSOCIATED PRODUCERS FOR CNN AND CBC

CNN PRESENTS: "IMPACT OF TERROR"



JACOBOWICI



BIENSTOCK

Reports of civilian attacks in the Middle East tend to pale with repetition, but this exemplary production found compelling personal stories at the heart of a suicide bombing in Israel. By focusing on the impact of the bombing on its victims and the rescue workers, it made concrete the grim conditions faced by those who live under the constant threat of terrorism.

CITATION:

LISA ZEFF

ABC NEWS PRODUCTIONS / DISCOVERY HEALTH

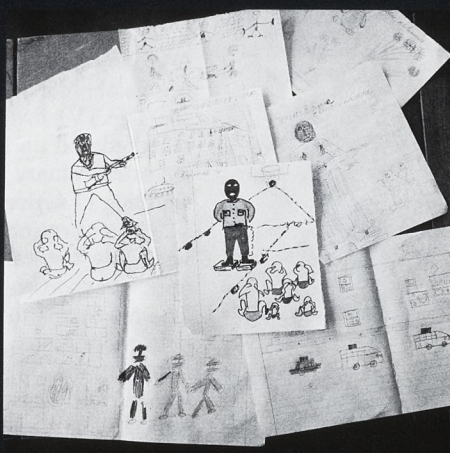
"SUPER SURGERY: A FACE RESTORED"

FEATURE PHOTOGRAPHY AWARD

james hill

WHEN NEWS BROKE THAT Chechen rebels had taken a school in Beslan, Russia, photojournalist James Hill rushed to the scene, loaded his large-format camera with black-and-white film and waited for events to unfold. He captured all the drama and pathos of the standoff. Below, a physics classroom in School No. 1, with portraits of Newton and Einstein. Right, two boys who were among the few who showed up for classes at School No. 6, a few hundred yards from the tragedy. Far right, top, burning cigarettes left on a chair as a mark for respect for men executed by the rebels. Center, a woman and her grandson at the charred sports hall, where flowers, candles, food and water were left to commemorate the more than 300 victims. Bottom, children's drawings of the attack.





17. THE JOE AND LAURIE DINE AWARD

BEST INTERNATIONAL REPORTING IN A PRINT MEDIUM DEALING WITH HUMAN RIGHTS



HERSH

SEYMOUR M. HERSH

THE NEW YORKER
"THE ABU GHRAIB SCANDAL"

Seymour Hersh uncovered the atrocities committed by U.S. soldiers at the Abu Ghraib prison camp in Iraq. His in-depth reporting unraveled a disturbing portrait of a breakdown in leadership at its worst. Hersh's series of articles not only took U.S. readers into the heart of the unthinkable tortuous conditions and practices at Abu Ghraib, his work helped motivate Washington to take action and to seek answers.

CITATION:

PETER LANDESMAN

THE NEW YORK TIMES MAGAZINE
"THE GIRLS NEXT DOOR"

18. THE ERIC AND AMY BURGER AWARD

BEST INTERNATIONAL REPORTING IN THE BROADCAST MEDIA DEALING WITH HUMAN RIGHTS



BERGMAN



DYFVERMARK



LAURIN

SVEN BERGMAN JOACHIM DYFVERMARK FREDRIK LAURIN

TV 4 SWEDEN
"COLD FACTS: THE BROKEN PROMISE"

A ground-breaking investigation into a previously hidden side of the war on terror. The TV4 investigative team researched and uncovered what are known as "extraordinary renditions"—the secret shipping of asylum seekers or terrorism suspects to countries known for torture, with only a so-called "diplomatic assurance" that torture will not take place. The renditions to Egypt, with Sweden's help, were accomplished through the CIA with a U.S.-government leased private jet and violated both Swedish and international law. The telecast was a bombshell in Sweden, which cherishes its reputation for upholding human rights. This program even changed policy. Following the broadcast, the Swedish government reversed course and said that the deportations were an embarrassing mistake, and has called for an international investigation. In the year since TV4's revelations, this investigation has

been the basis for a page one story in The Washington Post, a 60 Minutes show and dozens of American television, newspaper and magazine stories.

CITATION:

CLAUDINE LOMONACO AND MARY SPICUZZA

WGBH and KQED—Frontline/World
"A Death in the Desert"

19. THE WHITMAN BASSOW AWARD

BEST REPORTING IN ANY MEDIUM ON INTERNATIONAL ENVIRONMENTAL ISSUES



PERLEZ

JANE PERLEZ

THE NEW YORK TIMES
"INDONESIA: POISONING BUYAT BAY"

From a strong group of submissions, the judges selected the work of Jane Perlez of The New York Times for exposing an environmental hell created in Indonesia by the world's largest gold mining company. In a series of articles, Perlez detailed evidence in the village of Buyat Bay of skin tumors, rashes, breathing difficulties, and headaches. She documented how mining operations by Newmont Mining Corporation allegedly damaged fishing waters vital to natives. Until the Times series appeared the Indonesian government and the mining company had turned a deaf ear to the problem. This series forced the government to take legal action against Newmont.

CITATIONS:

DANIEL GLICK, FEN MONTAIGNE, VIRGINIA MORELL

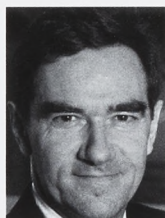
NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC
"SIGNS FROM EARTH"

CHARLES WOHLFORTH

NORTH POINT PRESS (FARRAR, STRAUS AND GIROUX)
"THE WHALE AND THE SUPERCOMPUTER:
ON THE NORTHERN FRONT OF CLIMATE CHANGE"

20. THE ROBERT SPIERS BENJAMIN AWARD

BEST REPORTING IN ANY MEDIUM ON LATIN AMERICA



SEGALLER

STEPHEN SEGALLER AND ANGUS MACQUEEN

THIRTEEN/WNET, CHANNEL 4, OCTOBER FILMS LTD.

WIDE ANGLE: "AN HONEST CITIZEN"



MACQUEEN

Wide Angle's Honest Citizen stood out as a compelling, on-camera look at Maria Cristina Chirilla's struggles as the head of Colombia's anti-money laundering and anti-drug team. Trying to bring law and order to a chaotic country at palpable personal risk, Chirilla's tale is told against the backdrop of a complex political situation. Unusual access and in-depth interviews with those on all sides of the issues, including a top paramilitary leader, yielded dramatic footage of the deep and difficult connections between the United States and Colombia, a major recipient of U.S. aid.

CITATION:

SCOTT JOHNSON WITH MAC MARGOLIS

NEWSWEEK

"LATIN AMERICA LAGS BEHIND"

21. THE ARTYOM BOROVIK AWARD

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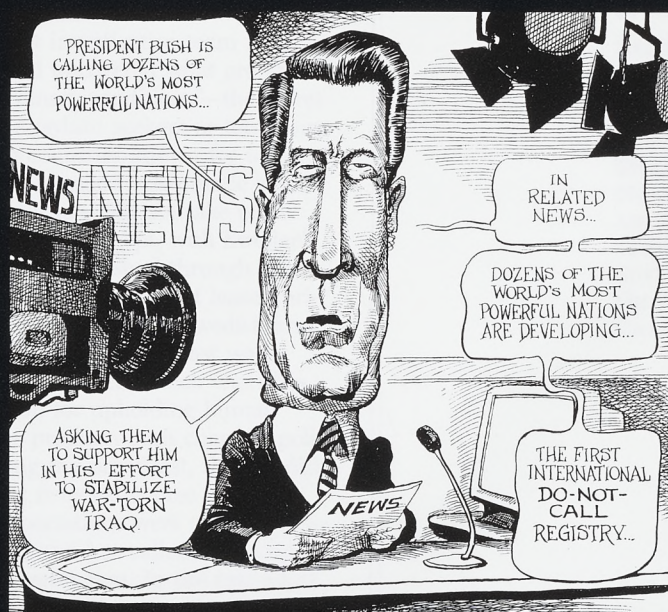
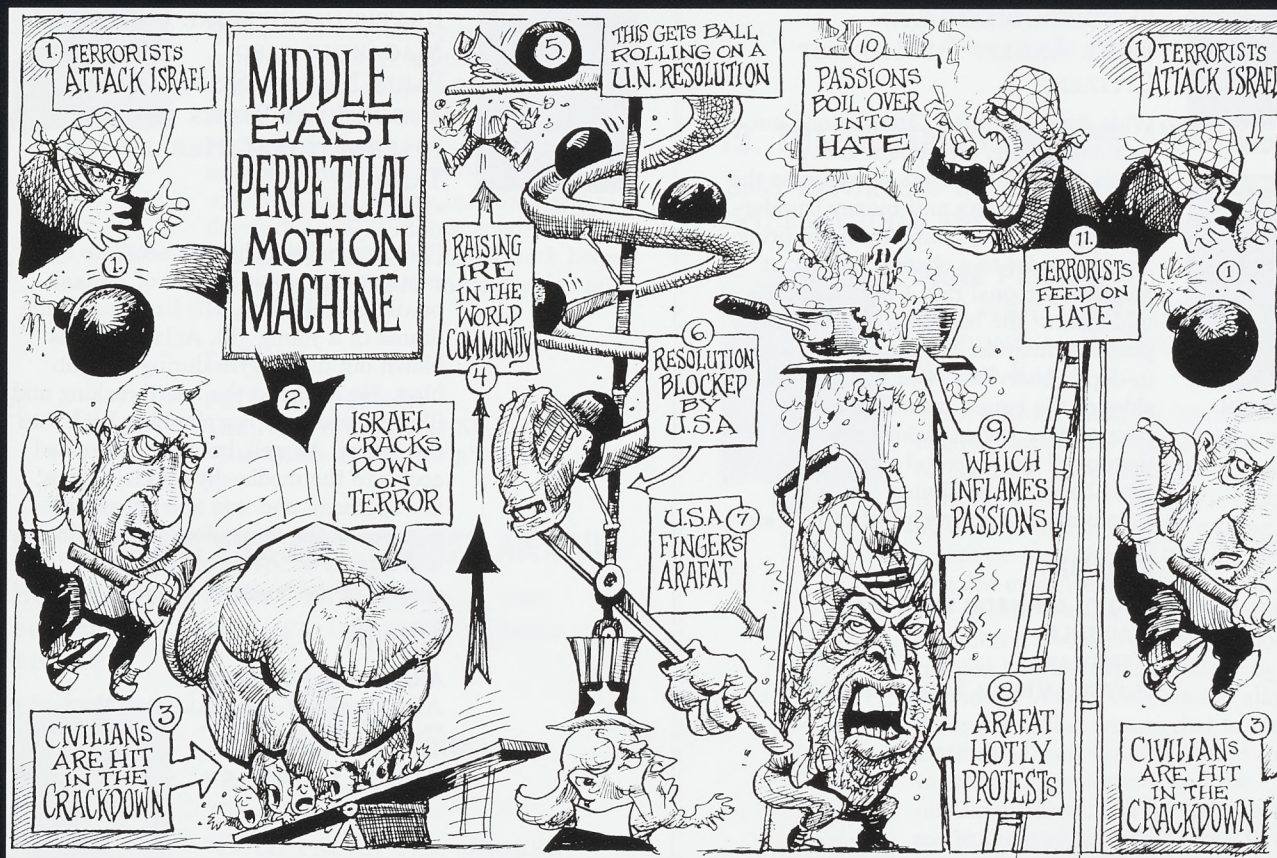
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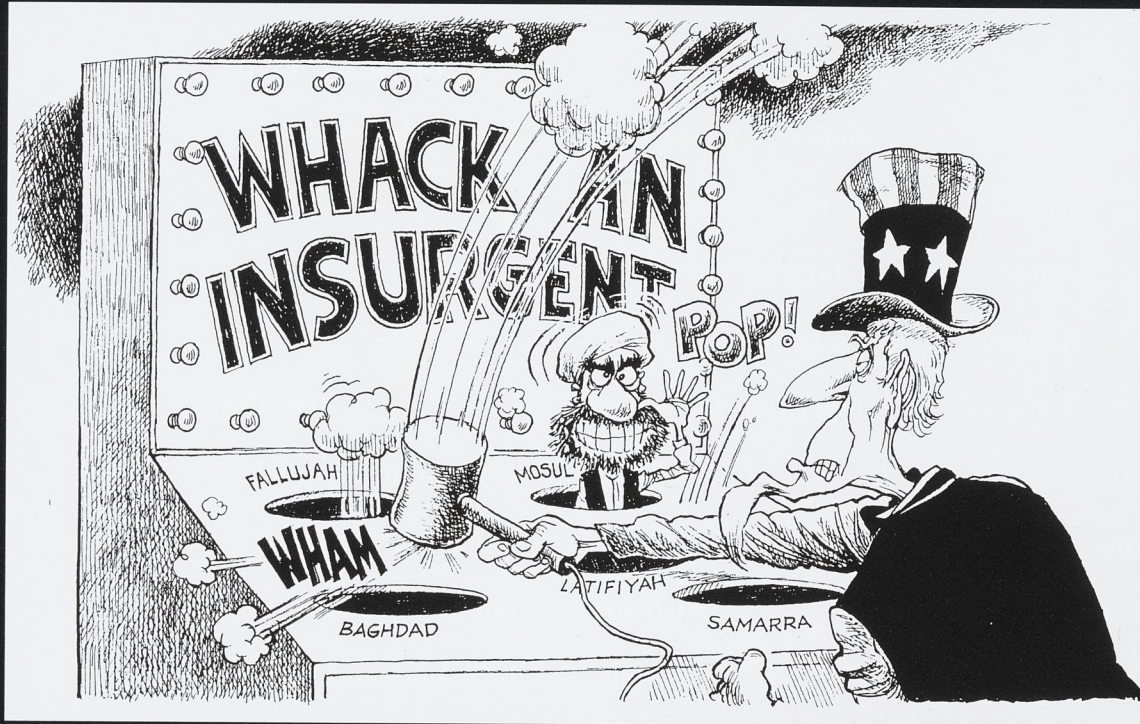
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WHEN words ARE LETHAL

How Rwanda's first private radio station, once a voice of the people, became a tool of genocide. Three media owners were charged with crimes against humanity.

BY DINA TEMPLE-RASTON
The New York Sun

MOST RWANDANS REMEMBER April 6, 1994, as if they were underwater. Sounds were oddly distorted and movements were unnaturally slow, as if everyone had been pushing against a great unseen force. It was an evening of long shadows. An eerie pinkish light melted across the cool night sky over the capital city. And residents in the Macombe neighborhood near Kigali International Airport later recalled a slight breeze washing by the curtains as the hills winked and then disappeared into the darkness. Then, as happened every night, tinny electronic voices rose up from the shadows. They began with a warbling and then came to life with the hiss of a badly tuned radio transmission. Women in the district, one by one, had clicked on their portable radios to listen to the national broadcast.

A year earlier they might have tuned the dial to the government station, Radio Rwanda. But by then FM 106, Radio des Milles Collines (Radio of a Thousand Hills), had become the soundtrack of the nation. It was the first private radio station allowed to broad-

cast in Rwanda, and its call letters, RTLM (Radio Télévision Libre des Milles Collines), had become a ubiquitous part of the Rwandan vocabulary.

RTLM's popularity derived as much from its original programming as from a lack of competition. Instead of staid government fare, or replays of long-winded speeches by President Juvénal Habyarimana, RTLM listeners were treated to Congolese music, call-in shows and shock jocks who used bawdy language and told off-color jokes. For the first three weeks it was on the air, the station played nothing but music, 24 hours a day. The ploy worked: Rwandans tuned in in droves. Then they began to pick up the phone. At first they shyly called to request a song. Then they started making elaborate dedications. For the first time, Rwandans were offered an opportunity to express themselves.

RTLM also provided news people could use. Announcers broadcast details of the latest village meeting or government reshuffle; aired phone numbers and addresses of government ministries. A phone call to the radio station could elicit some empathy, maybe even prompt a change. RTLM offered a taste of freedom, and the sweet satisfaction



REMEMBRANCE:
A MEMORIAL AT
A CHURCH IN THE
NYAMATA REGION



of momentary fame as one's voice traveled the country from end to end. In a poor nation with few televisions and even fewer literate citizens, RTLM provided a lifeline for a people starved of information. In a country rife with rumors, secrets and half-truths, who could not love such a radio station? Radio des Milles Collines seemed to be telling its listeners what was really happening.

But it wasn't. RTLM was a Hutu radio station, started by a group of Hutu intent on inciting violence against Rwanda's Tutsi minority. Three of the the men who started it later became the first journalists since the self-proclaimed No. 1 Nazi, Julius Streicher, to stand trial in International Court for crimes against humanity.

In early 1994, RTLM broadcasts began to acquire a dark, conspiratorial tone. There were warnings that a Tutsi rebel force based in Congo, the Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF), aimed to overthrow the government. "We must be vigilant, we must prepare," the announcers said. Listeners needed to steel themselves in case they were called to protect the nation from the evil growing within. As time went on, the steady

'IF THE RPF HAVE DECIDED TO KILL US, THEN let us kill them FIRST.'

drumbeat against the Tutsi took on an increasingly sinister tone.

Then on April 6, two shoulder-fired missiles roared out from under the waxy leaves of the banana plants in Masaka commune—less than a mile from the presidential palace—and sped toward a small private jet preparing to land at Kigali International Airport. RTLM was the first to report the news. "President Habyarimana's plane has been shot down," the first bulletin said. "The president is dead." It was carrying, the radio voices said, Rwandan President Habyarimana and his Burundian counterpart, Cyprien Ntaryamira, back from Tanza-

nia, where they had signed the Arusha accords, laying the groundwork for a power-sharing agreement between the ruling Hutu and the Tutsi. There were no survivors. It was the Rwandan Patriotic Front (RPF), the Tutsi-led rebel army, who killed our president, RTLM broadcasters said. How they came to that conclusion, and so quickly, is still a mystery.

Ferdinand Nahimana, a history professor at the University of Rwanda, made the decision to start RTLM in the fall of 1992. He did so, he said later, to counter the rise of an RPF radio station called Radio Muhabura. It had started broadcasting in the western part of the country and into Zaire (now the Democratic Republic of Congo). And while the new station's signal was not strong and its following was not large, Radio Muhabura gave the RPF a voice. It had been calling on Rwandans—or more precisely, Tutsi—to return from their countries of exile. The existence of a Tutsi station, especially one advocating the right of return for minority exiles, angered Nahimana and other influential Hutu. "If Radio Muhabura was not doing this major pro-

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CLEANUP: A BONE CLEANER AT SITE OF MASSACRE IN A NYAMATA CHURCH; (BELOW) NAHIMANA, NGEZE AND BARAYAGWIZA

paganda on behalf of the RPF, and [saying] that the government and Rwanda were in the wrong, I think the company, RTLM, would not have been established," Nahimana said later.

Nahimana recruited a number of partners for his radio venture. One of them was a lawyer named Jean-Bosco Barayagwiza. He was the chief ideologue for the stridently anti-Tutsi Coalition pour la Défense de la République (CDR) party. He made no secret of how he felt about the Tutsi and the RPF. He considered them—in the word that the movie "Hotel Rwanda" would make known to the world—"cockroaches." Barayagwiza and Nahimana were an odd pair. While Nahimana was quiet, Barayagwiza was fiery, a man who seemed to create a blast area around his beliefs, while Nahimana seemed to be perennially musing. His simmering hatred for the Tutsi came to a rolling boil soon after the announcement of the Arusha accords. He saw Nahimana's RTLM project as an antidote, a way to avoid the worst of all possible fates—sharing power with the Tutsi.

The third man in the RTLM trio was Hassan Ngeze. He was a man with a wide smile and a winning manner, who liked to be in the middle of things. Though only semiliterate, he owned a



fledgling tabloid newspaper, named Kangura, and he had numerous contacts in the government intelligence services. In January 1994 Kangura ran a banner headline that read: WHO WILL SURVIVE THE WAR OF MARCH? Given that there was no war going on at the time, aside from skirmishes with the RPF along the border, the question naturally frightened readers. The article warned that the Rwandan Patriotic Front was preparing an offensive. RPF commanders were planning to send 3,000 troops to the presidential barracks in Kigali instead of the 600 agreed upon in the Arusha accords, the article warned. The boost in manpower was necessary to initiate a coup, it added. And it concluded: "If the

RPF have decided to kill us ... then let us kill them first. Let whatever is smoldering erupt." A month later, Kangura published an article titled "Final Attack." "We have indications that the RPF will soon launch other attacks in Kigali from all sides. We know where the cockroaches are. If they look for us, they had better watch out."

To anyone reading the articles, it seemed clear that Ngeze was leveling a threat. He would say later that the articles were misunderstood. He was trying to let the RPF know that if it tried to start a war, it would be wiped out.

RTLM was also spreading fear. Three days before Habyarimana's plane was shot down, the station broadcast alarm-

ing reports that the RPF was planning to overthrow the Rwandan government. "The RPF rebels want to take power. Take it by the use of arms. They want to do a 'little something,'" the radio told Rwandans. "They have dates, we know them ... we have agents ... who bring us information. They tell us this: on the 3rd, 4th and the 5th, there will be a little something here in Kigali city. And also on the 7th and the 8th ... You will hear the sound of bullets or grenades explode. But I hope that the Rwandan armed forces are on alert."

RTLM's power to foretell the future would have been written off were it not for one thing: on April 7, President Habyarimana was dead. And after his death came the slaughter of some 800,000 Tutsi and moderate Hutu.

The United Nations International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda began proceedings against Nahimana, Barayagwiza and Ngeze in early 2001, in what became known as the Media Trial. By then the trio had been in the world body's detention center for three years. ICTR prosecutors in Arusha, Tanzania, rolled out an 80-page list of charges

AFTER THE PRESIDENT'S PLANE WENT DOWN, RADIO RTLM SHOWED ITS true colors.

against the three men. The indictment accused Nahimana of having broadcast messages on national radio that were meant to incite ethnic hatred and the murder of Tutsi. Prosecutors said he had joined forces with Barayagwiza and Ngeze to wipe out the Tutsi and their moderate Hutu supporters.

There was also proof, they said, that Nahimana had given speeches aimed at getting unemployed Rwandan youth to form self-defense groups against the RPF. Those who took up his call became the core of the Interahamwe, the young toughs who carried out much of

the genocide. Prosecutors went further. Nahimana had chaired meetings in which top officials of the Mouvement Révolutionnaire National pour le Développement (MRND) party plotted to eliminate the Tutsi. He ordered the murder of Tutsi and helped get arms to the Interahamwe, the prosecution said.

Barayagwiza was charged with presiding over several meetings called to plan the murder of Tutsi and moderate Hutu in northwest Rwanda. Prosecutors also alleged that he had distributed weapons and money to Interahamwe militia. It was on his orders, the indictment said, that Interahamwe youth began to kill Tutsi. Barayagwiza, as a leader of the CDR party, knew that its members were preparing a genocide, but he did nothing to stop it, the indictment continued.

What it didn't say was that there was scant evidence to link Barayagwiza to radio station RTLM after the genocide had begun. They could not prove definitively that he had told journalists at RTLM to call the Hutu to arms. To hear Barayagwiza tell it, he lost control of the radio station after April 6. The Army took over after the president was assassinated, he said.



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TEN YEARS LATER:
JUVENAL GAHEMBE
AND JEAN BOSCO
KAYIBANDA. KAYIBANDA
HAS CONFESSED
TO KILLING
GAHEMBE'S FAMILY.

Ngeze's work at Kangura was the focus of his indictment. Prosecutors said he had consented to the publication of material in the newspaper that promoted ethnic hatred and incited mass killings of Tutsi. The tribunal's mandate—to try crimes committed from Jan. 1, 1994, to the end of that year—meant, technically, that few issues of Kangura would be admissible, since the newspaper stopped publishing before the genocide began. Such provisos aside, prosecutors said they intended to prove that Nahimana, Barayagwiza and Ngeze were men who purposely used words to kill.

The Media Trial's first prosecutor, Bernard Muna, called Nahimana the "intellectual high priest of Hutu supremacy." Barayagwiza was the "master manipulator of the truth both at home

and abroad," and Ngeze was the "venomous vulgarian and purveyor of racial libel and slander." Muna said: "Your Honors, this case has been popularly known as the Media Trial. In fact, the media is not on trial here. It is the trial of three prisoners who used, or rather misused, the media. When people who speak on radio are people in political leadership and when such broadcasts are seemingly approved or sanctioned by a government, I can only leave it to the imagination of any reasonable person to estimate the influence that such broadcasts can have on the ordinary citizens in the hills."

After a nearly three-year trial, the International Criminal Tribunal for Rwanda found Nahimana, Barayagwiza and Ngeze guilty of incitement to geno-

cide and crimes against humanity in December 2003. Nahimana and Ngeze were sentenced to life in prison, and Barayagwiza to a term of 27 years. The case is on appeal.

Temple-Raston is currently the Associate Editor of The New York Sun. This article is adapted from her recent book on Rwanda's recovery after the genocide, "Justice on the Grass: Three Rwandan Journalists, Their Trial for War Crimes, and a Nation's Quest for Redemption." Her first book, "A Death in Texas," about the effect of the James Byrd Jr. murder on the town of Jasper, Texas, was the winner of the 2002 Barnes & Noble Discover Award. She's now working on a book about religious intolerance.



RWANDA'S BITTER



ER truth

Reconciliation between Hutu and Tutsi is a slow and painful process.

BY JOSHUA HAMMER
Newsweek

NEARLY 11 YEARS AGO, AS NEWSWEEK'S Nairobi bureau chief, I arrived in Kigali, the Rwandan capital, and checked into a room at the Hotel des Milles Collines. It was the second week of April 1994. Outside, a killing frenzy was underway. Hutu extermination squads roamed the streets. The screams of Tutsi being executed in neighboring houses wafted over the pool. Rwandan government soldiers commandeered the rooftop restaurant to plot the killing. Behind the front desk the officious hotel manager, a Hutu named Paul Rusesabagina, was hunched over the fax machine. He was sending out plaintive missives to a world that would soon prove itself to be indifferent to his country's fate.

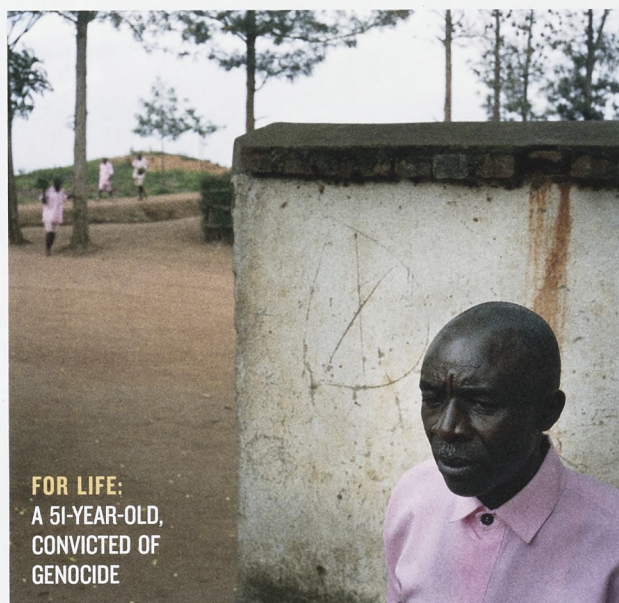
Watching Terry George's new film, "Hotel Rwanda," a couple of months ago was a riveting, often painful experience. Aside from a few Hollywood embellishments—the on-screen facility was a lot plusher than the threadbare establishment that passed for Kigali's best hotel—the film was a mirror of my own experiences, remarkably faithful to the facts. Of course, journalists observed only a fraction of the drama. Warned that militiamen were planning to attack the hotel, we stayed for only 24 hours before being evacuated to the airport in an armored U.N. convoy. We missed the most compelling part of the story told in the film: Rusesabagina's Schindler-like effort to turn the Milles Collines into a safe haven for hundreds of Tutsi and moderate Hutu.

George's film is the first of a flurry of Hollywood productions—including Raoul Peck's "Sometimes in April" and an adaptation of "A Sunday at the Pool in Kigali" by the French-Canadian novelist Gil Courtemanche—to spin unflinching narratives out of the Rwandan genocide. Why now? It may have something to do with the long gestation period for most Hollywood projects. It may be that the filmmakers were just waiting for the right human stories to come along. But I

LOST FACES:
A MEMORIAL IN
KIGALI MARKS THE
10TH ANNIVERSARY

suspect that the filmmakers also sensed that the moment was finally right. Traumatic events often require a long period of healing before they can be filtered through the artist's lens—and the genocide was about as traumatic as it gets. Guilt was certainly another factor. The failure of the United Nations, the United States and Europe to stop the killing was simply too painful to confront until a decent interval had elapsed.

On the eve of the genocide's 10th anniversary, I went back to Kigali last year to find out how the government led by the former rebel leader Paul Kagame—and society itself—dealt with issues such as justice, vengeance, reconciliation and victims' trauma. The ostensible purpose of my trip was to locate a half-dozen women whom I had met in late 1995 who'd been raped by Hutu militiamen or soldiers during the genocide and given birth to their children. There seemed to be no better way to gauge the country's progress and its willingness to confront its past than to discover what had happened to these mothers and their



FOR LIFE:
A 51-YEAR-OLD,
CONVICTED OF
GENOCIDE

kids, now 9 years old. But my reporting rapidly morphed into a larger story—about how difficult it has been for many Rwandans to face the truth about those 100 days between April and July 1994.

It is impossible to spend more than a few hours in Rwanda today without being reminded of the genocide. A memorial and museum opened in Kigali last

April 6—the day that President Juvénal Habyarimana's plane was shot down in 1994, the event that initiated the killing. Smaller memorials have been created throughout the country in churches, schools and other massacre sites, where local people are encouraged to gaze upon the remains of Tutsi slaughtered by soldiers and the *interahamwe*—the Hutu militia responsible for most of the killing. Ubiquitous billboards promote local courts known as *gacacas*, set up by the Tutsi government in 2002 to try some of the 80,000 suspected Hutu killers who've been languishing in overcrowded prisons—some for as long as 10 years. Prisoners who confess their misdeeds are provisionally released to their villages and

made to stand trial in these improvised courtrooms. Here, Hutu villagers—whose attendance is compulsory—sit side by side with Tutsi survivors, reliving those three months through the testimony of witnesses and murderers.

This extraordinary effort to instill a sense of accountability has produced mixed results. I visited a *gacaca* in the



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hillside Kigali neighborhood of Kigarama, where about three quarters of the Tutsi were exterminated in 1994. A panel of 19 judges—none of whom had any legal training—called to the dock Leonides Twahira, who had just been provisionally released from prison in Kigali for “admitting” his role in the genocide. A gangly, shabbily dressed 60-year-old, Twahira faced a crowd of about 300 people, his back to his interrogators, and shifted on the balls of his feet as he dodged one question after another. Hadn’t his son been a leader of the interahamwe? Twahira admitted it but said he wasn’t responsible for his son and never saw him during the genocide. Hadn’t Twahira participated in neighborhood “security” meetings in which lists of Tutsi targets were drawn up? Well, only two, he replied, and he didn’t remember who else was there. The gacaca went on in this vein for three hours, with one accused Hutu perpetrator after another evading responsibility for his or her actions. It was a fascinating exercise in grass-roots justice. But it also revealed the enormous difficulties Rwanda faces in creating a sense of accountability for decade-old crimes.

I visited the Ruhengeri rehabilitation center, for example, where former soldiers of the genocidal Hutu regime are being integrated back into society after returning from years of exile in Congo. Eight hours a day these men, many of them hardened killers, sit on wooden benches, being force-fed facts about recent Rwandan history. The subjects range from the *akazu*—the extremist circle that surrounded President Habyarimana—to the incendiary role played by the Hutu extremist station Radio Milles Collines. “The ex-fighters never ask questions,” one Tutsi instructor told me with frustration. “They just sit there silently, refusing to talk about the genocide.” Of the six men at the re-education center with whom I talked, only Ernest Twahirwa, who described himself as a “student” in 1994, used the word genocide to describe the events of that year.

Many survivors also live in a state of denial. I interviewed several of the roughly 20,000 Tutsi women who had given birth after the genocide to “children of rape.” The stigma of sexual assault, concern about the psychological impact that the truth might have on

their children and fear of retribution from neighbors and relatives had compelled all of them to keep the truth a secret. These women were by turns protective of, and vindictive toward, their children. “All they have is their children, and those are often the offspring of the men who murdered all of their loved ones,” I was told by Rose Mukamusana, a Tutsi survivor and a social worker for Avega, one of a handful of private organizations in Rwanda that assist genocide survivors.

Chantal Nizeyimana, 35, whom I met

WOMEN ARE BOTH PROTECTIVE and vindictive TOWARD THEIR CHILDREN OF RAPE.

in her spartan cinder-block house on the outskirts of Kigali, was typical. Impregnated by a Hutu militiaman, and held as a sex slave for three months in Kigali in 1994 while almost all of her friends and family members were being slaughtered, she was rescued in July 1994 by the Rwandan Patriotic Front. Nizeyimana gave birth to a son, Jean-Bertrand, from rape that December. For the first seven years of Jean-Bertrand’s life, Nizeyimana told him nothing about the circumstances of his birth; he assumed that his father was a Tutsi who had been killed during the genocide. But two years ago, when a lesion on her leg was revealed to be a symptom of AIDS, Nizeyimana turned on the boy in rage and despair. “This is because of your father,” she blurted when the 7-year-old came home from school. “He was a Hutu killer, and he gave me this disease.” Nizeyimana says that her son cried for days. Then, she says, he begged her not to be angry with him.

Nizeyimana seemed torn about her impulsive act of revelation. A foster mother to nine young Tutsi who had lost their parents in the mass-killing campaign, she was dying of AIDS when I met her last

year. Too weak to work, she wondered whether the other children—who had learned the truth about Jean-Bertrand—would turn against the boy after she was gone. “For now they all depend on me,” she said. “So they don’t dare to tease him.” In the next breath she told me that she had initially felt bad about revealing her secret to Jean-Bertrand, but now she believed that it was for the best. “I don’t regret what I said to him,” she said, “because my life will be short, and it’s better that he knows the real story before I die.”

Rwandan officials insist that the only way for the healing to proceed is for everyone to face the bitter truth about those 100 days of rape and murder. In the case of these tormented women and their children, however, I’m not sure they’re right.

Hammer is the former Jerusalem bureau chief and a correspondent-at-large at NEWSWEEK. He is now on leave as a Nieman Fellow at Harvard University, writing a book on the great earthquake and fires that destroyed Tokyo and Yokohama in 1923.



ALIVE: A TUTSI RAPE VICTIM AND HER CHILD

Is trade, NOT AID, THE ANSWER?

President Bush's farm-subsidy proposal could be just the right move for Africa.

BY MICHAEL MORAN
MSNBC

BURIED IN PRESIDENT GEORGE W. Bush's annual budget proposal this year was an idea that arguably could do more for Africa than anything America has done since the Confederacy lost the Civil War—slash domestic farm subsidies. That the idea stands absolutely no chance of surviving contact with America's parochial legislative branch is beside the point. Congress, in fact, may no longer have the final say on such issues, having lost as much power over trade policy as it has over foreign policy in recent years. Early this year the World Trade Organization ruled that subsidies that have swaddled U.S. cotton farmers for decades violate international law. Washington has until July 1 to eliminate them or face retaliatory sanctions. That is good news for Africa.

Bush's decision to go after farm subsidies was probably driven more by the need to tame a rising domestic deficit than the impulse to help struggling African nations. Indeed, the primary beneficiaries of the WTO decision will be Brazil and India, huge producers of cotton. Still, the implications are far reaching, even if the U.S. Congress confines 2005 subsidy cuts to cotton, and even if Bush's motives are less than altruistic. The era when American, Euro-

pean and other rich governments could buy rural votes by subsidizing domestic farmers who could not possibly compete with their counterparts in the developing world is coming to an end.

Increased trade, rather than foreign aid, offers the best hope for Africa's future. Even if wealthy nations doubled their foreign-aid contributions to the continent, the money wouldn't begin to end the cycle of poverty, war and disease that afflicts the vast majority of its people. A recent United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization report concluded that the 30 wealthiest industrial nations spend \$300 billion a year on domestic farm subsidies, or 30 times more than they spend on agricultural aid to poor nations. For small African farmers, it's tough to compete against Western agribusiness backed by billions in subsidies. Advocates for the poor argue that, in Benin alone, 90,000 farmers have been pushed below its own poverty line by U.S. cotton subsidies. Even if those figures are inflated, it is clear that African farmers will gain hugely from a world market less distorted by handouts. And even if the United States acts, there remains the problem of Europe, where agricultural protectionism is even more extreme.

For the Bush administration, Africa has been a low priority in foreign policy, and agriculture is a low priority

in Africa policy. American goals in Africa at the moment are identifying and defeating Al Qaeda "cells" on the continent, punishing Sudan for its genocidal behavior in Darfur, containing and eventually reversing the spread of AIDS, and protecting the interests of American citizens (foreign service, corporate or otherwise) whose safety might be at risk. There is also a strong U.S. interest in ensuring the free flow of oil from Angola, Nigeria and the newer west coast producers who together will account for as much as 30 percent of U.S. oil imports over the next decade, according to the Energy Department. Except for the absence of "fighting communism," the Washington priority list sounds eerily similar to





**LESOTHO
CLOTHING MART:
THE END OF U.S.
FARM SUBSIDIES
WOULD GIVE AFRICA
A FAIR CHANCE**

one that might have been drawn up in 1990—or even 1980.

Yet some longtime Africa watchers see reason to believe Bush is serious about lifting the farm subsidies, and helping Africa in general. He has taken aggressive steps to increase AIDS funding, has pushed for a tough international stance against Sudan's bloody conduct in Darfur and has pressed to keep the tyrannical Robert Mugabe isolated in Zimbabwe. The move to end farm subsidies has drawn praise even from the likes of Sir Bob Geldof, the Irish rock star turned development crusader, who has called the Bush administration the most positively “radical” on Africa policy since John F. Kennedy and Camelot. Another Gaelic crusader, Bono of

the Irish band U2, has gone out of his way to demand that the world give “credit where credit is due” on Bush's AIDS funding initiatives.

But the administration's claim that it has doubled U.S. foreign aid to Africa since 2002 must be viewed in

FOR BUSH, AFRICAN agriculture HAS BEEN A LOW PRIORITY.

context. Aid levels had been falling since the cold war in real terms, so even doubling what amounted to a pittance leaves a huge gap between the hopeful American rhetoric and the harsh African reality. As calculated by the United Nations' Millennium Fund Report, U.S. foreign-aid spending in sub-Saharan Africa amounts to about 18 cents per head. With such small returns from a 100 percent increase in appropriations, it is no wonder that experts increasingly view trade, not aid, as the only way forward for Africa.

Moran, secretary of the Overseas Press Club's Board of Governors, is a senior correspondent at MSNBC.



TARGETING THE MEDIA:
THE BULLETS THAT
PENETRATED THIS
WINDSHIELD IN IRAQ
KILLED POLISH REPORTER
WALDEMAR MILEWICZ AND
HIS POLISH-ALGERIAN
PICTURE EDITOR
MOUNIR BOUAMRANE

trouble spots:

DATELINE REPORT ON OPC PROTESTS

*2004 was a bad year
for journalist murders.
One African victim: the
BBC's Kate Peyton.*

BY KEVIN MCDERMOTT
Overseas Press Club

IN 2004, 117 JOURNALISTS AND support staff were killed on the job. According to the Committee to Protect Journalists (CPJ), that made last year the worst since 1994.

By every measure the most dangerous assignment on earth is the war in Iraq, where 39 members of the media died last year. Thirty-three were Iraqi nationals. The International News Safety Institute estimates that two thirds of the dozens of journalists killed covering the war since it began were Iraqis.

The latest Iraqi journalist to die in the line of duty was Raeda Wazzan, a news anchor with the Iraqi state TV channel Al-Iraqiya. She was kidnapped in Mosul on Feb. 20, and found shot to death five days later on a roadside. Gunmen had also kidnapped Wazzan's 10-year-old son, but released him.

Journalists killed in the line of duty are typically locals covering a local story. Deyda Hydara, for example, was a veteran Gambian journalist killed by a drive-by shooter last December. Hydara was murdered only days after Gambia amended the country's criminal code to impose prison time for journalists convicted of publishing "seditious" material. Hydara had been among the legislation's loudest opponents.

Kate Peyton was not an African but an Englishwoman who made Africa her home. She was murdered in Somalia on Feb. 9. Based in Johannesburg, Peyton, 39, worked all over the continent as a senior journalist and producer for the BBC. She reported on the crisis in Darfur and on floods in Mozambique. She had a special concern for the curse visited on African women by AIDS.

Peyton arrived in Somalia only a few hours before her death. She had traveled to Mogadishu with BBC reporter Peter Greste to make a series of reports about Somalia's new government. It's a measure of how things are in Somalia that the transitional government was visiting its own capital to assess whether it would be safe to relocate from Nairobi later in February.

On arrival Peyton and Greste had an abundance of physical protection—flak jackets, helmets, full-trauma medical kit, satellite and local communications. Security experts in London had briefed them both. The BBC's fixer in Mogadishu had arranged an escort of eight armed guards riding a pickup truck with

part of a plot to portray "Mogadishu as unsafe, and discourage international support for peace and reconciliation of Somalia." In its account of the murder, the Somali Herald observed that "if all these issues are not given consideration, Somalia will stay a country of lawlessness, a jungle where anyone with any mission can hide."

The BBC's Barnaby Phillips recalled that Peyton was not the sort of reporter who found danger glamorous. "She often used to say—quite rightly—that certain risks were not worth taking, that certain jobs were not more important than her many friends or family," said Phillips. Another colleague at the BBC, Fergal Keane, said of Peyton, "She devoted a large part of her life to trying to tell the truth about Africa."

In 2004, the Overseas Press Club's freedom-of-the-press committee made appeals on behalf of 218 journalists in jeopardy around the world. In Africa appeals were sent not only to Somalia and Gambia but also to Sierra Leone, Congo, Zimbabwe, the Central African Republic, Cameroon, Guinea and Ethiopia. An area of special concern continues to be Eritrea. The bad news there has been accelerating since September 2001, when the government shut down all independent media in the name of "safeguarding" national unity. As the OPC pointed out in October to President Issayas Afewerki, Eritrea now has the distinction of being Africa's largest jailer of journalists (and the third largest in the world). The CPJ estimated last September that more than a dozen Eritrean journalists have been incarcerated for over three years without ever being formally charged with a crime.

Not surprisingly, the Middle East, and in particular Iraq, dominated much of the committee's attention. Throughout the year the OPC committee was in regular communication with governments on behalf of journalists across the region, including Egypt, Libya, Morocco, Iran, Israel, Saudi Arabia, Algeria, Kuwait, Syria and Tunisia. On top of the physical hazards of war coverage in Iraq, journalists were subjected to more scrutiny by the interim government

**IN ERITREA, ALL
INDEPENDENT
MEDIA HAVE BEEN
shut down
SINCE 2001.**

a heavy machine gun bolted on its cab. The two checked into their hotel, and there received more safety tips from a colleague, Karel Prinsloo, an AP photographer who had already been in Mogadishu for two weeks. Then Peyton and Greste went to work.

Accompanied by their security entourage, they went to the Sahafi Hotel to interview officials of the new government. As they walked out the hotel door, a gunman waiting in a car across the street opened fire. Greste was unhurt but Peyton fell, shot in the back. She was apparently a target of opportunity. The killer sped off and got away.

Somalia's new prime minister, Ali Mohammed Ghedi, said Peyton's murder was

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and this year's **award winners.**

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Dick Stolley,
Time Inc. Senior Editorial Adviser
and the first Managing Editor of PEOPLE,
on his new position as
**President of the Overseas
Press Club of America.**

People



CHECHNYA: REUTERS
PHOTOGRAPHER
ADLAN KHASANOV
WAS KILLED IN A
REBEL BOMBING

of that country, which created a Higher Media Commission to monitor news gatherers. The commission is empowered to shut down news outlets it deems to have crossed an ambiguously defined "red line."

In Asia, the committee's biggest worry in 2004 was Bangladesh. In just the first six months of the year 24 journalists and writers in Bangladesh received death threats from Islamic groups accusing them of being "enemies of Islam." In a letter to Prime Minister Khaleda Zia, the freedom-of-the-press committee noted that, despite words of support for press freedom from the government, attacks on journalists often occurred in the face of indifference and even complicity on the part of Bangladeshi police.

The committee also continues to be in regular communication with authorities in China, where threats against journalists—including not only independent thinkers but local reporters covering stories of crime and corruption—multiplied. The committee also spoke up on behalf of reporters, broadcasters and publishers in India, Pakistan, the Philippines, the Maldives, Sri Lanka, Myanmar, Mongolia, Vietnam and Nepal.

It's been more than a decade since the Soviet Union collapsed, but the former Soviet republics remain among the most

difficult places in Europe and Central Asia to be a journalist. The hardening of attitudes in Vladimir Putin's Russia has been much discussed, but Uzbekistan, Belarus and Turkmenistan are even tougher places for local reporters to work in. For example, the committee protested strongly to President Aleksandr Lukashenko of Belarus about the shocking actions of his government in the runup to elections on Oct. 17. Starting in midsummer 12 independent Belarus newspapers critical of the government were suspended.

In the Americas, there was good news to report: no journalists were killed in Colombia, making 2004 the first without a death there since 1994. (In the inter-

**GOOD NEWS: NO
 JOURNALISTS
 were killed
 IN COLOMBIA FOR
 THE FIRST TIME
 SINCE 1994.**

vening years more than 30 reporters and editors have been murdered.) And the practice of criminalizing libel under so-called insult laws appears to be on the way out after a ruling by the Inter-American Court of Human Rights on behalf of Mauricio Herrera Ulloa, a reporter with *La Nación* in Costa Rica. But Cuba, as the committee pointed out in a letter to President Fidel Castro, has earned "almost universal condemnation since the crack-down on Cuban activists in March, 2003."

The committee was also in touch with the senior leadership of Canada, the United States and Mexico, where it raised an alarm with President Vicente Fox on behalf of journalists covering the drug trade along the border with the United States. On June 22 reporter Francisco Javier Ortiz Franco of the weekly *Zeta* was shot dead outside his office in Tijuana by an anonymous gunman, who then sped off.

The co-chairs of the OPC freedom-of-the-press committee are Norman Schorr, Larry Martz and Kevin McDermott. Other members of the committee are George Bookman, Bill Collins, John Langone, Jeremy Main, John Martin, Cait Murphy, Robert E. Sullivan, Donald Swinton and Minky Worden.

GUILTY OF THE CRIME OF journalism

Expelled from Zimbabwe, a reporter shoots back at Mugabe's crackdown.

BY ANDREW MELDRUM
The Guardian

ON FEB. 18, ASSOCIATED PRESS correspondent Angus Shaw decided it was time to leave Zimbabwe—quickly. The country's police were after him. Shaw drove across the Chirundu Bridge, spanning the Zambezi River, and found safety in Zambia. The Times of London's correspondent, Jan Raath, had evaded arrest the day before by traveling across Zimbabwe to the southern Plumtree border post and then crossing into Botswana. Two other Zimbabwean journalists, Brian Latham of Bloomberg News and independent television producer Cornelius Nduna, fled Zimbabwe in similarly desperate circumstances.

For three days the police and agents of the Central Intelligence Organization had been interrogating the journalists, searching their offices, seizing their computer hard drives. The journalists were accused of spying, working without a state license and indulging in illegal foreign-exchange deals. "The authorities were just looking for an excuse to arrest them," said their lawyer, Beatrice Mtetwa. "We were not in fear for our lives but for our liberty," said Raath after arriving in Botswana. Under Zimbabwe's laws, he and the others could have been held in jail for 28 days before a court appearance. That was not a happy thought: Zimbabwe's jails are filthy and overcrowded, and it is well documented that police have tortured many critics of President Robert Mugabe's government.

The four escapees were among the last representatives of the foreign news media in Zimbabwe. The BBC has been banned. Reuters and Agence France-Presse have managed to maintain small offices in Harare. The New York-based Committee to Protect Journalists got it right in a February letter to Mugabe, which called the harassment campaign "a cynical attempt to silence critical re-

porting" in the runup to crucial parliamentary elections on March 31. The Mugabe government delayed accreditation to foreign journalists until just a few days before the voting, preventing them from doing a thorough job of reporting.

The government crackdown is not

10 hours before forcing me onto a plane to London.

The government tries to suppress all news of state-sponsored torture, violence and corruption. In January 1999 two Zimbabwean journalists, Mark Chavunduka and Ray Choto, were beaten, nearly drowned and subjected to electric shocks, after reporting that many Zimbabwean Army officers were unhappy about being sent to the distant war in Congo. In February 2000 a massive bomb blast destroyed the printing presses of the independent Daily News, just 24 hours after the government's minister of Information had shouted on state television that the newspaper must be silenced.

Zimbabwe's government is among many in Africa, including those in Eritrea, Togo and Gambia, that believe journalism should be controlled by the state. The U.S. State Department has lambasted Zimbabwe for "a pattern of intimidation of journalists." The Mugabe



**EJECTED: MELDRUM
BEING WRESTLED INTO
A CAR BY ZIMBABWEAN
RIOT POLICE**

new. In the last two years alone the Mugabe government has closed four newspapers and pressed criminal charges against at least 70 journalists. As the correspondent for Britain's Guardian newspaper and The Economist, I was detained in May 2002 and put on trial on charges of publishing a falsehood. I was acquitted in a two-month trial, but within minutes the government tried to deport me. My valiant lawyer, Mtetwa, won a court order defending my right to live and work in Zimbabwe. A year later, state security agents dragged me away from a group of journalists, fighting and shouting. Then they placed a hood over my head and drove me to the Harare airport, where they held me in the basement for

government may succeed in the short term, but fear of criticism betrays its insecurity. The government thought that deportation would shut me up. But it only gave me a larger platform—and I, like many journalists who've worked in Zimbabwe, remain determined to cover Mugabe and hold him accountable for his regime's abuses.

Meldrum covers southern Africa for the British newspaper The Guardian and is based in South Africa. He won Columbia University's 2004 Kurt Schork Award for freelance international journalism. His book "Where We Have Hope," a memoir of his 23 years in Zimbabwe, is to be published by Atlantic Monthly Press in June.



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